



# B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY

Volume 45, No. 1

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# THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

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## Editorial Comment

### *The Jew Philosophizes Again*

IN the approaching days the Jew takes up his annual role of philosopher and turns his eyes inwardly to consider his value as a man and to ponder on his purpose as an inhabitant of the earth and to determine whether this purpose is being fulfilled and how it may be fulfilled.

The Jew has set holy days aside for this self-appraisal. He takes himself before God and studies himself by His illumination. On these occasions he is seen in his most noble aspect.

We have heard scorn for "The Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur Jew."

"This fellow," they say, "wanders far from the house of Israel throughout the year. He goes here and there, quite forgetting, and the house of Israel knows him not. But on Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur he comes running home, like an errant son. What sort of a Jew is this who is home only once a year?"

And yet we must respect him that, even though his feet stray far, he comes home on these days. He is somewhat the symbol of the eternal Jew in whom the Jewish identity never dies. The living cord unites him to the body of Israel however far he may go.

So he comes home to stand before the Most High, to lay down his weaknesses for judgment, to weigh and measure his soul, to make a valuation of its state, just as other men submit their bodies to an annual medical examination.

"I have lived another year and to what good have I lived?"

"I hope to be permitted to live still another year and by what ways may I make myself worthy of this privilege?"

"I see my weaknesses and in what ways may I make myself strong before God?"

"I have given myself wholly to material gain but I have seen riches vanish as if they were not. What treasures may I accumulate which will provide me with lasting content?"

On these holy days the Jew, standing before God, reaches his full stature as a cosmic figure.

\* \* \*

### *The Jew in Hard Times*

THE holy days come with special significance to these distressful times.

Last year men rode high on the wave of prosperity and Mammon was god in their hearts. What a generous god he seemed! For almost ten years he had

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been filling their hands. A miraculous god, for he who put down \$1,000 in the morning possessed \$10,000 by night. A god who fulfilled all men's wishes, and who ever wanted wealth multiplied was given his desire.

He comforted men with the fatness of the land, with swift motor cars, with fine houses, with gorgeous voyages over seas, with promise of leisure and of perfect content.

In all his days this god had never before favored so many men so much; and they worshipped him as a true god in whom was fulfillment for all of men's desires.

Then overnight he abandoned them and cruelly betrayed them; and he who had stood on the heights of prosperity fell and lay grievously hurt; and he who had rolled in swift motor cars walked by the side of the road, and that which had been was like a dream in the night; and he whose hands had been filled for the asking was empty; and he who had laid down \$1,000, hoping for ten, looked and lo! even the \$1,000 had vanished!

Men, feeling the rod of adversity, were chastened. How vain was this god they had worshipped! He had delighted them with the semblance of content and then had struck the image from their eyes. He had lifted them up to the sight of gorgeous dreams fulfilled and then he caused them to fall, and as high as had been their eminence so deep was the depth of their fall.

And they were humbled and they turned, groping for new foundations of content, for more certain ways of life, for treasures more lasting.

So may the groping Jew, coming to his altar on these holy days, receive the dazzling illumination by which is to be discerned where reality lies, where the solid ramparts of spiritual content stand, how the true God may be attained.

\* \* \*

### What the Children Miss

THE Succah has become largely a memory of middle-aged men; for it is seldom seen any more. In the hearts of elderly men it stands a glittering structure, illuminated by the starlight that was still in their eyes when they were young.

What delight there was in the days of building it! The children dug in the cellar for odds and ends of timber. . . . An old door. . . . An old window frame. . . . A packing box. . . .

What eager hands reached to help build it! The Succah was of the labor of all the family, an altar of

## President Cohen's New Year Message

IN the year just ended there was greater prosperity in the things that really count than in the things that come and go—like Jonah's gourd which came up in a night and perished in a night. Many personal fortunes were swept away, making the losers realize how fickle is the god of gold and how vain it is to put one's trust in him.



But in things of the spirit the year was outstanding. It brought the nations a step nearer to a covenant of peace. It saw alien armies march out of territories they had invested for many years. It recorded settlement of reparations on terms more just than originally was thought possible because hate had fallen from the eyes of men and they could see more clearly. There is less ill will the world over. Milestones have been passed on the difficult way mankind has trudged so long and so falteringly. The day dawns when brotherhood ceases to be altogether a poetic fancy.

A far off gleam o'erleaps the horizon and bids men hope.

B'nai B'rith may be proud that it presents an example of brotherhood, which please God may speedily be followed by all people. Our far flung fraternity circles the globe. It speaks the languages of nearly all the nations. Its national loyalties are with the homeland of its lodges. But all of us, wherever we may be, are one in ideals and purposes, seeking to act justly, striving to show mercy and aspiring to walk humbly with the Author of justice and mercy—the Father of all mankind.

So the privilege is ours to be among the banner bearers of universal brotherhood. May each succeeding day of the new year replenish our devotion to this privilege and make us more conscious of our portion of it. May 5691 be for us and for all humanity a year of health and peace and contentment.

September, 1930—5691.

the common devotion. The little ones gathered the branches with which the roof was thatched. The father and the bigger boys were the builders. The mother and the girls adorned the rough interior with apples and grapes hanging from the ceiling.

And at last it was completed and in it was the joy of the willing hands, the beautiful love which had brought all the family to this consecration. These elements make the rough, crude structures supernally lovely as they stand in the hearts of middle-aged men many years later.

There came the hour of its dedication as the domestic altar when the family and some of the neighbors assembled within the narrow confines for libations and praises to the Giver of the seed-time and the harvest. It seemed an eternal thing; for long, long ago in dimmest history it was commanded to build the Succah on this holiday. . . . And here it stood, just as was commanded.



Today one must seek far and wide to find a Succah in a backyard. The new generation of children knows the Succah—if it knows it at all—only as something that was commanded. But would it not be good to fulfill this commandment for the eyes of the children? Would it not be well to give them the taste of this simple delight of our youth, to unite the hearts and hands of the family in a fine Jewish devotion?

Or would a sophisticated generation be indifferent to a lovely sentiment of our simpler youth?

But is it not worth trying?

\* \* \*

### ***Shall it Be Another Year of Agony?***

THE years pass from Rosh Hashonah to Rosh Hashonah, but for Polish Jewry it is one long night. At this time of the year the Polish Jew looks for the dawn.

Perhaps the New Year will bring us light!

Formerly, under the old masters, there was no liberty, but at least there was work. There was even comfort and content. He could establish a competence and feel safe for his old age. It was never a life without its hopes.

Now under new masters, he has a constitutional theory of liberty but a high barbed wire of prejudice encompasses him. It encumbers his feet when he seeks work. He may not come to the door of employment; for he is a Jew. If he has a business it languishes, for he is despised and boycotted.

He lies prostrate in the night. Occasionally in these years the hands of his brethren in America have reached out to enhearten him. They cannot bring him the dawn but the warmth of their hands assures him that he is not forsaken.

In this New Year time the call is again to reach out our hands to him. We are asked to extend to him hands not as full as in former years but, perhaps, more helpful. We have fed him in the past; now we shall attempt to raise him to his feet and help him walk alone, to earn his living, to re-establish the vestige of his good life.

This is one of the purposes of the United Jewish Appeal which during the new year is to come to every Jew in the land. The other purposes have to do with the development of Palestine and with assistance to the pioneers who are attempting to plant a new and better life on farms in Southern Russia.

\* \* \*

### ***Wrong Kind of Campaigning***

IN the state of New York a certain Jew is campaigning for the Republican nomination for Congress.

"At the present time the Jews do not have equal representation with Gentiles," he announces.

Therefore, he says he will, if nominated and elected, "immediately proceed to bring to bear every possible influence to secure for the Jews federal appointments in Washington in proportion to the Jewish population."

This sort of campaigning, frequently to be observed in the larger centers, gives the judicious a pain. As if the Jews were a minority group needing special representation, special favors, special protection. If the promises of politics were taken more seriously

in this country, such statements as that of the New York candidate might do grievous injury.

We would be resentful if any other religious or racial group were to demand special representation in the government; we must ourselves discountenance candidates who run as Jews for Jewish purposes and we must ourselves refrain from casting our votes with any Jewish intent.

The coming elections are bringing out candidates who are Jews in many states, counties, and cities in the land. They are not entitled to our votes merely because they are Jews; they deserve our support only when their political principles run with ours, when their characters are of the quality desirable in public officials.

If they are to be given consideration as Jews at all, it should be only to ask: "Will this man make the kind of public servant whose conduct will reflect credit on his people?"

While we are on the subject of politics we must comment on the decent consideration of the governor of Maryland. When it became known that registration days in Maryland would fall on Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur, the governor of that state summoned a special session of the legislature to pass a curative measure by which the Jews will be enabled to register on other days.

\* \* \*

### ***The Burial of Leopold Auer***

THE Holy Russian Orthodox Church embraced the renowned violinist, Leopold Auer, in death and carried him to his grave. His passage from the earth was assisted by priests of the Russian Orthodox Cathedral of the Holy Virgin of the city of New York.

So may we still claim Leopold Auer as one of our own? The answer will vary in accordance with every man's conception of what a Jew is.

He who is a Nationalist will answer: "There is no escape for a Jew. The holy water may be sprinkled on him, he may eat of the communion, but he is still a Jew by inheritance of the spirit. The ghosts of the thousands of Jewish forefathers were in Leopold Auer. If a child runs away from his house, he is, nevertheless, still in the family."

He whose conception of the Jew is religious will answer: "He cast off Judaism and accepted another faith. Can we call him Jewish then? If a Gentile took the Jewish faith would we still call him a Christian?"

It is our weakness that we attempt to embrace our deserters if they are famous. If they are obscure we scorn them and consider them no longer of us.

We think of the obscure deserter as a black sheep. For personal advantage he left the house of Israel. He threw off the ancient burden. He was a coward, refusing to endure the Jewish lot which his fathers had gladly suffered in all the times. If he no longer wants to be in communion with us, we are sad. We banish him from our hearts.

But if the deserter is a great man we hold fast to his coat tails.

"He is ours," we say with admiration as he kneels at the strange altar.

"He is ours," we sigh over incense-shrouded casket.



# How the Concordat Is Affecting Italian Jewry

By LOUIS MINSKY



It is one of the interesting anachronisms of latter day history that a Jewish question should have arisen in Italy, which has one of the oldest Jewish communities in the world. Post-war rehabilitation created dire results for the Jew in Europe. Disappointed empires, mutilated states, nations with completely new lives to enjoy, concentrated chaotic passions against the Jew, even in the small countries where he was but a minor element. One of the most startling effects of the war was the arousing of anti-Jewish feeling in countries where there had never been a Jewish problem and where the Israelite population was on comparatively good terms with the non-Jews.

Jugoslavia was one example of the revolution of feeling toward the Jew. Italy was another. In both countries the sentiments of race and nationality had awakened among the Jews resulting in the creation of the Zionist movement. Jugoslavia was irritated by the revolution in the mentality of the Jew and proceeded forthwith to organize secret anti-Semitic societies. In Italy the wave of Zionist propaganda that broke loose over the Alps dominated the thoughts of Italian Jews. Fascism developed more and more, particularly in the majority of its leaders along the lines of the most extravagant nationalism. And very naturally it drew the conclusion that it could see only an enemy in any movement that had not followed in the wake of Fascist imperialism. Like the Lithuanians, who in 1918 shouted forth to the Jews, "You must become our friend or you must leave," so the injunction has time and again appeared in the Italian press, "Either Jews or Italians—choice must be made."

Italy would have been the glaring exception if she had not followed in the extreme nationalism of other European states. Nationalism, especially the post-war kind, does not tolerate Zionism, neither does it stand for the separate culture of the Jew. In Hungary, Lithuania, Roumania and other neighboring countries it could

not bear the economic supremacy of the Jew. But Italian Jews did not control the commerce of the nation in the manner of the Jews in Hungary. The Jews of Italy had aligned themselves with the splendid civilization around them. They had produced, instead of business magnates, men of culture and refinement, statesmen, writers, educators and thinkers. In 1919 there were in Italy 61 Jewish university professors out of a total of 965. In 1913, there were 12 Jewish deputies in the Italian parliament out of a total of 508. There were, it is true, Jews in all branches of economic activity. Politics, also, held them in large numbers. Hundreds of them could be found in the elective councils of local administrations and there was no lack of them either among the mayors or the assistants to the mayors. Rome itself had a Jewish mayor in the person of Ernest Nathan. There have been Jewish ministers, even of the Treasury. An Ottolenghi was Minister of War, Lodovico Mortara was Minister of Justice and Cults and finally, Luigi Luzzatti occupied the position of Prime Minister.

Before the advent of Fascism the situation of the Jews in Italy was that of a peaceful and united minority discharging all its duties in a faithful manner and enjoying all the rights of citizens. The capacity of the Jew did not assure any privileges, neither did it exclude any employment, any position, any honor or any public office. Fascism came in and decided that it should be otherwise. The truly liberal laws which were in existence since the origin of the Italian State, it is a well-known fact that Fascism flouts and suppresses. The perfect amalgamation of the Jews in Italian social and political life up till the time of the war made no impression on the leaders of the Fascist regime, although Judaism up till the war had been only a cult and a religion professed by an altogether small minority of Italian citizens who would have been hurt had they been supposed to have had less Italian loyalty than any other citizens. Fascism saw in Ju-

daism a separate nationalism that was a menace to its own imperialistic chauvinism. It is a historical truth that once a nation becomes selfishly ambitious there is an immediate distrust of the Jew, no matter what has been his conduct as a citizen. Unless the Jew throws off the cloak of culture he has worn for thousands of years and passionately aligns himself with these selfish ideals, he is accused of counter-revolution and *lese majeste*. So it has been under Mussolini.

The Italian Dictator has often refuted the charge of anti-Semitism. He has assured Jewish leaders of Italy's support of the Zionist movement. He has declared Fascism's friendship for the Jew. But what is Fascism? They call the virulently anti-Semitic Hackenkreutzler movements of Germany and Austria, "fascist" movements and this appellation is likewise applied to the anti-Jewish "Awakening Magyars" of Hungary, the "Christian National Defense League" in Roumania, the "Young Lithuanians" in Lithuania and to the anti-Semitic reactionary movements in other parts of Europe. Therefore, Fascism is synonymous with reactionary parties and one of its objects is to rid itself of the foremost menace to their chauvinism—the Jew.

If there was some doubt as to the existence of anti-Semitism after the war it has been dispelled within the last year with the Treaty of Laterano and the Concordat between the Holy See and the Italian State. The Concordat gives Italy the distinction of creating a brand new form of anti-Semitism, totally different from the Eastern and Central European kind—the religious brand. The Catholic Church never raged against the Jews in any steady and systematic manner partly because of the small number of Jews in Italy and partly because of its dissatisfaction from the Italian State. With the signing of the Concordat there has returned to Italy with full and absolute force the First Article of the Statutes of the Kingdom which proclaims that "The Apostolic Catholic Religion is the only religion of the State and the other denominations are tolerated." Article 36 of



the Concordat declares that "Italy considers the teaching of Christian Doctrine according to the forms handed down by Catholic tradition, as the foundation and capstone of public education. Therefore, Italy agrees that the religious instruction now given in the public elementary schools shall be further developed in the secondary schools according to a program agreed upon by the Holy See and the State. This instruction is to be given by teachers and professors who are priests or religious, approved by ecclesiastical authority and who will be aided by lay teachers and professors holding for this purpose proper certificates of fitness and capacity, these certificates to be issued by the diocesan bishop."

Now it is obvious that this "fitness and capacity" does not apply to Jews and inasmuch as teachers are henceforth required to impart instruction imbued with the spirit of Catholicism one of the first effects of the Concordat is that careers as elementary and secondary school teachers are now virtually closed to members of the Jewish faith. Another consequence is that it will be increasingly difficult for Jews to practice those official or public occupations which devolve upon them the necessity of representing in an external way the government or the regime.

The education question is a serious one. Previously state schools were secular and Jewish children were therefore able to attend these schools without involving the religious question. In 1923, Professor Gentile, Fascist Minister of Education, carried out an education reform law transforming the schools into Catholic confessional institutions. Article 11 of the Gentile law states that the teaching of the Christian doctrine according to the Catholic tradition should be the basis and aim of elementary schools. The Concordat carries this on to the secondary schools. The result has been that the Jewish leaders of Italy have found it necessary to do that which they would never have dreamed of a decade ago—of officially and repeatedly approaching the government on the question of establishing Jewish schools in order to offset the proselytizing atmosphere with which the Catholic schools would imbue Jewish children. The Jews have met with no success, however, in their overtures to the government. The government has even refused the request of the Jewish community to grant a subsidy to a

Jewish school in Rome which has been established by the Jewish community and follows the ordinary educational program prescribed by the government but substitutes Jewish religious instruction for Catholic.

Mussolini has pointed out that Jewish parents have the right to withdraw their children from attending the religious part of the public schools program. He maintains that the small Jewish population of Italy, 60,000, in all of which 15,000 live in Rome, 10,000 in Milan, 5,000 in Trieste, and 1000 in Naples, makes it hardly probable for the Jews to establish their own schools. Italian Jews object to the idea of sending their children to Catholic schools even though they may withdraw at the religious exercises, on the ground that the entire atmosphere of Catholicism in the schools will have a converse effect on Jewish children.

Another hardship under which the Concordat places the Jews is on the question of marriage. Italy now recognizes as valid a marriage ceremony performed by a Catholic priest, officiating in behalf of the Catholic Church, and deriving his authority from the Canon law. A rabbi, however, performs the marriage ceremony only as a deputy representing the State, carrying out this function in accordance with the civil code, from which he reads. We do not know from this side whether the rabbi is allowed to pronounce the customary blessing. If he can, the difficulty is not so pronounced. If he can not, there is indeed a hardship.

The difference in status makes itself evident when the question of divorce or marriage annulment arises. The only way at present open for a dissolution of marriage is annulment. It is a peculiar fact that the canon law is more liberal with regard to annulment than the civil code. Italy is therefore the only country in the world where the Jew finds it more difficult to obtain a divorce—or rather, an annulment—than a Catholic. Annulment effected by the ecclesiastical Catholic court is valid but the rabbinical court is not authorized to annul the marriage of a Jew, even on similar grounds. A Jew can obtain an annulment only from a civil tribunal, which is much harsher. There creates not merely a difference in jurisdiction but a difference in the treatment of Catholics and Jews, the canon laws sanctioning annulment in

cases where the civil court does not admit.

Mussolini had denied that the terms of the Concordat make the position of the Jews unfavorable, stating that the treaty has rather improved the status of the Jewish community in Italy. He avers that the Jewish as well as the Protestant churches are recognized officially by the State and in the exercise of their functions enjoy an equal status with the Catholic Church, that on the question of marriage the Jews are not handicapped, that the Concordat has regulated the relations between the Jewish community and the State on the same principles and standards as between the Catholic Church and the State, that the Church and State remain as separated as in the United States of America, and that generally the meaning of the Concordat has been widely misunderstood.

It may possibly be that neither Mussolini nor the Catholic Church know their exact status under the new agreement because the conditions as created by the Concordat have not entirely stabilized themselves and it is reported that since the Concordat both the Vatican and Mussolini have been engaged in a controversy, particularly with respect to the power the Church now claims with regard to education. Both parties are alleged to be somewhat dissatisfied with the results of the Concordat. It is claimed that with the Concordat as a vantage point the Vatican wishes to obtain complete control of education. Some Jews, however, are inclined to believe that Mussolini will interpret the matter of tolerance in a favorable light if the Jews of Italy maintain their Jewish dignity and stoutly demand their rights.

There is little question, however, that anti-Semitism is making itself more and more felt in Italy, aside from the religious issue. There are only two Jewish deputies in the Fascist parliament today. Anti-Semitic articles now appear quite frequently in the Italian press, and there is little doubt expressed that the generation educated in the present Catholic school system will be even more stoutly permeated with the anti-Semitic spirit. So much of suffering has been due to the power which the Church wielded in or over the State, that a return to this form of relationship is viewed with anxiety by the Jewish community of Italy.



# The First Jewish Airman

By FALK HARMEL

**V**ERY few of our co-religionists are aware of the fact that one of the early pioneer aviators was a Jew. This short, stocky chap, Arthur L. Welsh, possessed all the requisites of an airman—unlimited courage, cool-headedness and a never-say-die spirit.

An enlistment period in the Navy early in his youth no doubt greatly aided him in acquiring a strong physique. Determination was one of his dominant traits and was largely responsible for his becoming a flyer.

In 1908, when Orville Wright was demonstrating his airplane before War Department officials at Fort Myer, Va., Welsh became a most ardent aviation enthusiast. When he learned that the Wright Brothers planned to open a flying school and train a half dozen or so young men to fly their plane, Welsh made a firm resolve to become one of the members of the class. He made a trip to Dayton, Ohio, to take his application to the Wright Brothers in person. He was told that only young men who were skilled engine mechanics and could drive an automobile were desired as students. Welsh was neither mechanic nor an automobile operator, but the lack of these attributes did not discourage him. So insistent was he in his pleas for a chance at the school that, in order to get rid of him, he was told to go to New York and make his application to the Wright Brothers' representative in that city.

As may be surmised, Welsh made no progress toward the accomplishment of his desires. A less determined individual would have given up in despair, but Welsh was of a different calibre. Back he went to Dayton, and again he called on the Wrights. His confident assertions that he would make good finally compelled them to throw up their hands in surrender.



*A. L. Welsh at the controls of a pioneer plane.*

And so, in March, 1910, Welsh found himself a member of the Wright flying class in Montgomery, Alabama. The solitary airplane shipped to Montgomery for use at the school was the 10th or 11th machine built in America by the Wrights, five of the preceding planes having been sent to Europe for exhibition purposes. The plane weighed 800 pounds empty, or 902 pounds with gasoline and water. The motor weighed 190 pounds. It was a four-cylinder affair

and developed from 25 to 35 horsepower, in contrast to the modern power plant of a two-seater observation plane of the present day, where the weight of the motor is nearly 900 pounds and develops 400 horsepower.

This early Wright plane was launched from a monorail, 192 feet long, built in 16 foot sections, so that it could readily be shifted to provide for a "take-off" into the wind. The entire length was seldom needed. The plane was equipped with skids, but these served for landing purposes only. The monorail runway enjoyed a very brief existence, for it was not long thereafter that wheels were introduced for the landing gear of all airplanes.

Flying at the Montgomery field started on March 26th and continued almost daily, except for Sundays and when, due to the unreliability of the motor, delays were necessary for repairs. The first flights were of short duration, scarcely more than five minutes, but after a few days the flights became longer and gradually the height flown was raised until an altitude of 2,000 feet was attained in a flight of 30 minutes' duration on May 2nd. The last flights on the field were on May 25th, following which Orville Wright and all of the student flyers returned to Dayton to help train new men. The airmen who completed their flying training at Montgomery were Duvall LaChapelle, of Paris, France; Walter Brookings, of Dayton, Ohio; Ralph Johnstone and Frank Coffyn, of New York; Arch Hoxsie, of Pasadena, California; and Arthur L. Welsh, of Washington, D. C.

In its early days, flying was considered more in the light of a circus performance, and exhibition flights were the main features of State Fairs, celebrations, and other events of similar nature. The American public was curious to see the airplane fly, and the Wright Brothers and the Curtiss Company



*Standing beside the solitary airplane used at the Montgomery Aviation School, left to right: James Davis, S. M. Crane, Orville Wright, Walter Brookings, Arch Hoxsie, and A. L. Welsh.*



proceeded to satisfy this demand by sending their trained flyers all over the country to stage exhibition flights.

The first aero meet in which Welsh participated was the one held at Indianapolis, Indiana, in the middle of June, 1910, during the course of which he made a trial flight of a mile in two minutes and 32 seconds, and accumulated a total flying time of one hour and 25 minutes. Such performances as those mentioned may cause the present day student of aviation to smile indulgently, but back in 1910 the cumbersome airplane then used, powered with an engine of but 25 horsepower, and capable of a speed of barely 40 miles an hour, did not lend itself to any startling performances in flight. An hour's flight at that time was considered quite an accomplishment. Twenty years later two airmen flew constantly over the St. Louis flying field for more than 600 hours through the refueling in the air process. A British airman last year, a contestant in the Schneider Trophy Race, actually flew at the rate of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles a minute during one lap of the course. Even the confirmed pessimist will be forced to admit that aviation has made wonderful progress.

The next exhibition meet in which Welsh participated was at Aurora, Illinois, on July 7, 1910, when he made a duration flight of 55 minutes at an altitude of 512 feet.

During the course of some exhibition flying at Minneapolis, Minnesota, between September 5th and 10th, Welsh, who held Pilot License No. 23 from the Aero Club of America, experienced his first accident. A bad landing with his plane injured his ankle to such an extent that he was confined in a hospital for several weeks.

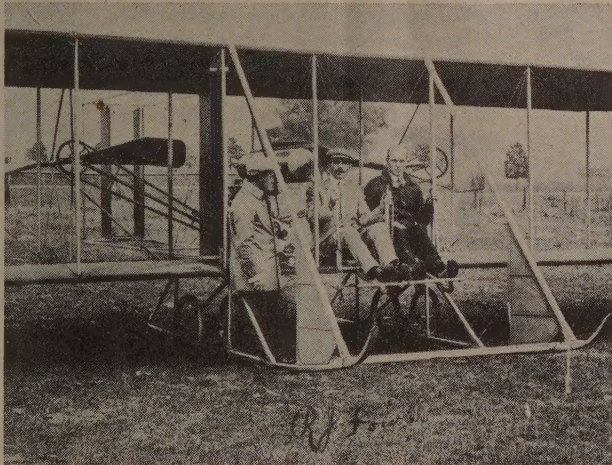
At the Aero Meet at St. Louis, Mo., early in October, Welsh participated in 15 flights for a total duration of 5 hours, 27½ minutes.

The first casualty among the pioneer Wright flyers occurred on November 17, 1910, when Ralph Johnstone, engaged in exhibition flying at Denver, Colo., was killed when one of the wings of his airplane collapsed during flight. Arch Hoxsie, who next to Brookings performed the most notable feats of any of the pioneer Wright flyers, among which were several altitude records, was the next

airman to lose his life. He crashed during the course of an exhibition flight at Los Angeles, Cal., on the last day of 1910, and was instantly killed.

In 1911 there was a lull in exhibition flying by the Wright airmen. The two famous brothers busied themselves in the training end of the game, their flying field being located at Simms Station, some 15 miles from the city of Dayton, now the site of the Army Air Corps Supply and Repair Depot at Fairfield, Ohio. Welsh's principal duties were those of flying instructor, and among others he taught Lieuts. H. Arnold and Thomas DeW. Milling of the Army, now Majors in the Army Air Corps, and Lieut. John Rodgers of the U. S. Navy.

Late in the summer of 1911, the Wrights established a flying school at Nassau Boulevard, Long Island, New York, with Welsh in charge. The



*Welsh (left) giving parting instructions to two of his pupils.*

equipment of the school consisted of three airplanes, and in the several months the school was in operation Welsh taught quite a number of aviation enthusiasts how to fly. One of his pupils, George W. Beatty, carried off the highest honors at the Aero Meet at Chicago in the Fall of that year.

While at Nassau Boulevard, Welsh gave flights to quite a number of newspapermen, particularly Jimmy Hare, famous photographer for Collier's. Mr. Collier, himself, was an ardent aviation enthusiast, and he purchased an airplane from the Wrights for his own personal use. Later he turned this plane over to the Army, and it was used by Army airmen in Mexico when General Pershing headed an expedition across the border to capture the bandit Villa.

Welsh was fond of relating an amus-

ing incident which occurred while he conducted the flying school at Nassau Boulevard. On several occasions he was invited to dine at the home of Mr. Robert J. Collier, and on each of these occasions quite a number of guests were present. One of these dinners happened to be on a Friday night, and for no reason in particular, Welsh refrained from eating meat, contenting himself with fish and the other trimmings. Sometime after the meal, a priest who was a dinner guest, took Welsh aside and said, "Welsh, you're a good Irishman and a very good Catholic."

During the Aero Meet in Chicago, Welsh carried off several prizes for duration records, and made a two-man altitude record of 2,648 feet. The only flyer who excelled his performances was his former pupil, George W. Beatty. Welsh's total flying time during the Meet was almost 20 hours.

Following the Chicago Aviation Meet, Welsh continued his duties as flying instructor and test pilot until his untimely death on June 11, 1912, at College Park, Md., near Washington, D. C. An editorial in the publication AERO-NAUTICS covered this sad incident in the following manner:

"A. L. Welsh and his passenger, Lieut. Hazelhurst of the Signal Corps, were killed in testing out the new weight-carrying military biplane delivered for trial by the Wright Company. All the condi-

tions had been met save the climbing test of 200 feet a minute for ten minutes, and it was on this test that Welsh and the Lieutenant had just started, with ballast to make up a weight of 450 pounds in addition to fuel for four hours. Mr. Welsh for the past year had been the only pilot in the employ of the Wright Company. He was one of the original team which included Johnstone, Hoxsie, Brookings, LaChapelle, and Coffyn. He has an enviable reputation as a flyer and trained scores of pupils, including many exhibition flyers of the present day. George W. Beatty was one of his pupils who had made a name for himself. No one ever hesitated to fly with Welsh. Sort of unique character, he had a charming personality, and the news of his death came as an excruciating blow to hosts of admiring friends and acquaintances all over the country."



# Two Trials in Soviet Russia

By LEO M. GLASSMAN



HE little courtroom on Kropotkinsky Pereulok number 15 is crowded to the walls. With a seating capacity of 60 there are 150 persons there while many more stand in the corridor, waiting eagerly for an opportunity to enter. They have come to witness the Kaufman trial.

At the end of the room, on a dais, stands a table covered with a crimson cloth. On the wall, back of it, hangs the ubiquitous portrait of Lenin.

The rear door opens and everybody jumps to his feet as three figures walk in and take their places on the dais. The big rough-hewn woman in the center, wearing a cheap green sweater, proves to be the judge. The other two, a small bald-headed man in a black shirt and an angry-looking working woman, are the jury.

There is no available seat when I come in, but the People's Accuser, sitting modestly near the window, kindly invites me to share the chair with him. Shliandin is his name. He has been elected by his fellow-workers in the government printing factory to represent the proletariat against the anti-Semitic defendants. Next to him sits the Prokuror (prosecutor), Pavlov, a former worker. Facing them on the other side of the courtroom are the three lawyers for the defense.

The court clerk reads the act of accusation. Moses Kaufman, 60 years of age, residing at Vosdvijenskaya ulica number 18, has for many months been the victim of systematic brutal persecutions at the hands of his neighbors, the two brothers Zhelesnov, the two brothers Lubimov, Fedor Likhomanov and Ivan Golovkin. The oldest, Likhomanov, is 28 years old; the youngest, Gregori Lubimov, only 16. The defendants had been tried and sentenced three months before. But their sentences were considered to be too light in proportion to their crime, and as a result of the stirring up of public opinion by the Moscow Communist youth organ, "Komsomolskaya Pravda," a retrial had been ordered by the higher officials. The act enumerates in detail the various forms of persecution invented by the defendants to torture old Kaufman. They beat him, knocked him down, hurled stones as well as insults at him, pulled his beard, tied a rope around his neck and dragged him about the courtyard, nearly strangling him to

death; moreover they made attempts to abduct and violate his 20 year old daughter. Kaufman, fearing the retribution of his tormentors, kept still. On the night of May 19, when he was being dragged about with a rope around his neck, a neighbor heard his shouts and informed the police.

The examination of the defendants begins. The youngest, 16 year old Lubimov, relates what happened on the night of May 19.

"Yes, it was I who proposed to my friends," he admits, "to play a little prank on the old man. I came home from the kino about 12 o'clock at night and found Likhomanov and Golovkin in the courtyard. I proposed to them to stretch a cord across the gate, so that on attempting to pass, Kaufman would trip and fall. I inveigled the old man to come out. He fell and shouted for help."

"And who tied the rope around Kaufman's neck?" the judge asks.

"I don't know. Right after that I went up to my room to sleep."

"And who knocked at Kaufman's door that night and shouted: 'Give us your daughter, we will have our will of her and then return her to you?'"

"I don't know. I wasn't there, I went to my room."

Golovkin is next. Obviously stupid, he tries hard to repeat the words which the lawyers for the defense taught him. At the conclusion of his story he blurts out that he did not hurt Kaufman, for he "likes" the Jews.

"So you persecuted the 60 year old Kaufman because you like the Jews so well?" the judge remarks. Everybody in the courtroom laughs.

She asks Likhomanov, the ring leader of the persecution, how he, a grown up man and apparently not a fool, could accept the proposal of a mere boy to visit brutal torture on an old man. Was it not because of his hatred of the Jews? It is clear that the judge and the prosecution are seeking to establish that this was not a case of simple hooliganism but of anti-Semitism.

Likhomanov tries to defend himself on the ground that he did not realize what he was doing that night, for he was drunk. The Prokuror, however, establishes that Likhomanov was not too drunk to seek to disguise himself so that Kaufman might not recognize him.

Likhomanov, too, "likes" the Jews. He speaks precisely and to the point—clever sadist.

"How could it be otherwise?" he says: "I served in the Red Army for four years and there they taught us that to persecute Jews is counter revolution." A cunning move calculated to win the sympathy of the proletarian court. The judge is relentless, however.

"Is it not true that you served in the Petlura army before you were drafted into the Red Army?"

"Yes," Likhomanov is forced to admit, for this had been proved at the first trial, in July.

The other defendants are quickly disposed of and the judge orders that Kaufman be led in. A buzz runs through the courtroom, everyone's eyes are glued on the door. A diminutive, weak old man, with a gray beard and stooping shoulders, enters the courtroom and stands before the judge. He is extremely nervous and glances furtively at the six hooligans who are seated behind him, feeling insecure in their presence, even here. But he sees the four stalwart Red Army soldiers, armed to the teeth, and becomes reassured.

The judge addresses herself in a kindly tone to Kaufman and tells him to relate what happened. He speaks a broken Russian, interspersed generously with Yiddish. As he goes on with his recital, he lives his experiences over again. He is hysterical and indignant, and it becomes almost impossible for the judge to stop him. It is clear that he is a nervous wreck. The persecutions at Vosdvijenskaya ulica number 18 are merely a mild echo of what he had lived through before. He had seen much worse—he had gone through the bloody pogroms in the Ukraine. Twice he had stood at the wall with the guns of Denikin's and Petlura's soldiers pointed at his breast.

I look at him, I hear his quivering voice and it occurs to me that this frail broken little person is not just an individual, not just someone named Kaufman, but the embodiment of Ukrainian Jewry, the epitome of a whole people; through his bloodsoaked voice the cry of 200,000 pogrom victims, of half a million bleeding souls, bears upon my conscience . . . I see his trembling hand turn a scarlet leaf of Jewish history and from the open page red drops drip, drip. . . .



The judge says: "Show us who tortured you on the night of May 19."

"This one and this one"—the old man points a shaking but determined finger at Likhomanov, Golovkin and Lubimov. They regard him with ill-concealed hate.

Kaufman is no longer afraid. As the lawyers for the defense begin to cross-examine him he faces them with something of defiance. Occasionally his retorts are tinged with satire and the courtroom reverberates with laughter. One of the lawyers seeks to establish that Kaufman is mentally irresponsible, for at one time he was under treatment of a psychiatrist. To which Kaufman replies, quick as a flash:

"If you had lived through what I did you too would have gone to a psychiatrist."

An ominous murmur runs through the public. The courtroom is filled with friends and relatives of the defendants and they seek to intimidate the judge and jury, just as they had done at the first trial; but there another judge had presided.

However, from the mass of hard, vicious faces, one can also distinguish many Jewish faces, with eyes tense and excited and hopeful.

A second lawyer makes an effort to prove that had Kaufman been dragged about by a rope, there would certainly have been wounds on his neck. Again the old man snaps back:

"Do you think a rope is a knife?" Everybody laughs, even the hooligans.

Before the conclusion of the cross-examination, Likhomanov, with an innocent expression on his face arises to ask:

"Citizen Kaufman, now say the truth, with your hand on your heart, did I ever insult you or annoy you?"

"Really not, you only beat me, called me 'dirty Jew' and told me to go back to Palestine, but that was merely trifling. I paid no attention to it. . . ."

After the witnesses are heard, Shliandin, the Public Accuser, speaks. His words are plain, unadorned, but impressive.

"The details of this case do not interest me," he declares. "It does not matter to me whether Kaufman was dragged about by a rope five minutes or ten minutes, whether he was beaten at 12 o'clock or at 2 o'clock at night. The fact that we have in our midst those who, in the 11th year of the revolution, still dare to insult and persecute a Jew simply because he happens to be a Jew—that is what matters. And that is why it is necessary to punish these ruffians severely. The

previous court sentenced them to nine months maximum. That is enough time for a new human being to be born, but that is not enough time to transform a grown-up person, convert a depraved criminal into a decent citizen of Soviet Russia. I demand therefore that the sentence of the defendants be at least doubled."

These eloquent words, eloquent because of their truth and simplicity, spoken by a plain workingman, electrify the court. The Procuror speaks in a similar vein, but his speech is more technical, dealing with the various legal phases of the case. Then the defense counsel reply with polished, smoothly rounded phrases and well-modulated voices. They are old adepts at legal quibbling. One of them strives to prove that Kaufman was persecuted not because he was a Jew but simply because "his manners were calculated to arouse in children and uncultured persons, such as the defendants, a desire to tease him." And, after all, what had they done to him? Nothing but a few pranks. . . .

Three hours later, when the judge and the two jurors pronounce the verdict, the anti-Semitic defendants and their friends listen in glum silence, with dejected faces. The big woman in the green sweater reads:

"Likhomanov's and Golovkin's sentence is increased from nine months to two years each. Gregori Lubimov's sentence is increased from six months to one year. Alexei Zhelesnov and Alexei Lubimov are sentenced to three months each."

Thus, on September 23, 1928, the Kaufman trial came to an end.

The Kaufman case derived its importance not so much from the circumstances as from the implications involved in it. It was the first anti-Semitic trial to arouse considerable interest in Moscow and Leningrad and it served to draw attention to the fact that Jew-baiting, that shameful heritage from the Czarist regime, was not on the down grade in Soviet Russia, but rather on the up grade.

Then, too, it was an admirable example of how a proletarian court dealt with the question of Judophobia. Brushing aside all legalistic trappings the Soviet officials and judiciary acted directly and unequivocally. It gave a measure of justification to the Communist boast that the Soviet government was the only government in the world that was really doing something to exterminate the anti-Semitic hydra.

But hardly had the ink dried on

the Kaufman trial than there occurred in a small town of White Russia an anti-Semitic incident which far outstripped in importance the Moscow case. On November 20, the Moscow papers reported that in Svitchlotsk, a small town in the district of Bobruisk, White Russia, a Jewish girl, named Dreize Barshai, had for many months been the victim of brutal persecution at the hands of several fellow-workers in the glass factory where she was employed. Instructions were issued from higher-up that the Barshai incident was not to be treated as a case of mere hooliganism but as a case of anti-Semitism against the background of counter-revolution.

It was not long before the Barshai case became a *cause celebre*. There was not a single paper throughout the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics that did not sooner or later report it and comment on it editorially. It appeared that there were several angles to the case. The Soviet government was determined to kill two birds with one shot by using the Barshai incident to render a blow both to anti-Semitism and to counter-revolution.

Owing to the widespread interest which the Barshai case aroused in Russia and because of the charges made by the Minsk paper "Rabotchi," that Communist and Soviet officials were seeking to hush the case, I went down to White Russia to make a personal investigation. I visited Minsk, Bobruisk, Svitchlotsk and other places, interviewing Dreize Barshai, the manager and workers of the glass factory where the incident took place, the editors of the local Communist organs and the Assistant Procuror of the White Russian republic, Michailov. Here, in brief outline, are the outstanding facts which I learned and which were corroborated by the report of the official White Russian government commission which made a special investigation prior to the trial.

The persecutions of the Barshai girl began in the Spring of 1926, soon after she began to work in the glass factory. Partly because of her extremely timid disposition, a thoroughly uncultured mind and an ability to speak Russian but very slightly, and partly from fear of retaliation, Barshai suffered in silence for a long time. Were it not for her Gentile room-mate, Isotova, a bright, wide-awake girl who spoke Yiddish with remarkable fluency, the facts might never have been revealed. She was



the victim of daily tortures which sometimes took the form of verbal insults, sometimes of physical punishment. She was called "zhidovka" and "prostitute"; she was stripped and splashed with cold water; she was tripped while carrying large panes of glass. On July 25, she received so severe a beating that she was compelled to stay away from work for two days. Isotova persuaded her to file a complaint, and Barshai sought aid from the "yatchayka," the Communist workers' organization in the factory. The only reply she got was a cynical smile. Barshai then appealed to Krasnyansky, the factory policeman, but he too refused to take any action. In November, after Totchilin, one of her tormentors, kicked her ankle with a wooden shoe so violently that she again was forced to stay home several days, she went to the factory manager, Mazur; he promised to investigate the matter, but did nothing. Koronin, another factory guard, finally agreed to file a report of Barshai's complaints to the Factory Council. En route, the report disappeared mysteriously. Later it was shown that Pchelkin and Koslovsky, two departmental managers, were responsible for its disappearance. Koslovsky was a former secretary of the Communist organization in the factory. On November 2, Barshai was again the victim of a severe beating which made it imperative, on the doctor's order, to remain in bed a week. On November 5, the matter was reported by Isotova to the Communist Committee of the Bobruisk district. As a result, one of the members of the district committee was ordered to make an investigation. This man did not even go to the scene of the trouble, investigating at leisure from Bobruisk and procrastinating deliberately. When the facts were presented by Isotova to the editor of the Bobruisk paper, "Communist," the leading Soviet organ in the district, he refused to publish the story, or to call it to the attention of the proper officials. It was not until the details of the Barshai persecutions were made public by the "Rabotchi" of Minsk, that the Bobruisk paper printed a report. Two Communist newspapers in White Russia, "Orka" of Minsk and "Zarya" of Vitebsk, refused to report the story until the trial was opened in January, 1929. Following the disclosures in the "Rabotchi," accompanied by vigorous editorials demanding action by the authorities, a mixed commission of the

White Russian government and the White Russian Trade Unions was appointed to make a thorough investigation. It soon became apparent that the commission was seeking, if not to hush the affair, at least to minimize its importance; that its efforts proved unsuccessful was due entirely to the fearless and persistent attitude of the "Rabotchi."

On November 20, 1928, eight workers in the Svitchlatsk factory, Totchilin, Gruzdjev, Tulivskov, Krasnyansky, Pchelkin, Koronin, Gladkov and Nizewskaya, were arrested for participation and complicity in the Barshai affair. They were brought to trial in Minsk on January 17 and two days later were convicted and given various prison sentences.

Not since the celebrated Beilis affair had a case with a Jewish aspect attracted such wide attention in Russia as the Barshai trial. Yet it cannot be said that the Soviet authorities had achieved their dual purpose in this instance. The trial failed to link up the defendants with a counter-revolutionary organization. The best the prosecution could do was to emphasize that anti-Semitism is by implication counter-revolution, for it serves to undermine the fundamental principles of the Soviet state. Nor did the trial prove to be a real blow to anti-Semitism. Despite the revolting details, the nature of the case was out of proportion with the size of the stage set for it. It was, after all, but an instance of petty persecution which, though it might have proved startling in America or Western Europe, is a most ordinary and widespread phenomenon in Russia.

Professor Polonkin, of the White Russian University in Minsk, who acted as the People's Accuser at the Barshai trial, explained to me the government's point of view in this manner:

"There have been many other cases of anti-Semitism of a more striking nature than the Barshai incident. There have been numerous cases of more violent physical persecution, and some cases of murder. But the overwhelming majority of incidents have been in the nature of petty persecution. Of this type of Jew-baiting, the Barshai incident was a very characteristic example. For many months this poor ignorant girl had been subjected to a ceaseless campaign of abuse which made life unendurable to her. Such things are going on daily throughout the Soviet Union. That is why we chose the Barshai case for a *pokazatelni sood* (object lesson). We

wanted to impress upon the Russian masses the fact that the Soviet Government regards Jew-baiting, even if it is only petty persecution, as an unpardonable crime, punishable by the Soviet laws. I am convinced that the punishment of Barshai's tormentors will make a strong impression upon the workers and peasants."

In certain quarters the suspicion has been voiced that the campaign against anti-Semitism on the part of the Soviet Government was simply a political move. The Kremlin, it is said, feeling its position becoming weaker owing to the critical economic conditions in the country and the opposition of the peasants to its policies, fastened on to the anti-Semitic issue as a means of diverting the attention of the Russian masses. According to this opinion, it would appear that while the Czar encouraged anti-Semitism and the Soviets discourage it, the ulterior motive is essentially identical, that is, the employment of anti-Semitism for political strategy. It has also been charged that the rulers in the Kremlin are themselves under the influence of the anti-Semitic virus, and one newspaperman has gone so far as to declare that Soviet Russia's dictator, Joseph Stalin, is a Jew hater and that that was partly responsible for his treatment of Trotsky and other leading Jewish Communists.

One cannot venture final judgment on this.

At any rate, there could be no doubt, when I was in Russia, that anti-Semitism was rapidly growing among the masses—growing, despite the memory of summary executions of pogromists during the early period of the revolution, despite the continued use of drastic measures against Jew-baiters, despite the teachings of Lenin and Stalin, despite the unparalleled press campaign of many months. From Leningrad in the north to Odessa on the Black Sea, from Smolensk on the western border to Krasnoyarsk in Siberia, anti-Semitism was engulfing the whole Russian people as in a tidal wave, and Soviet decrees could no more stay it than old Canute could stay the waves. And not the least significant element in the situation was the fact that Communists and Soviet officials, as well as the workers and peasants, were falling into that brewing sea of race hate; the behavior of the Communists and Soviet officials in the Barshai affair was duplicated in scores of other cases.



# Enrico Glicenstein

By MANUEL CHAPMAN



*Spinoza, by Glicenstein.*

**E**NRICO GLICENSTEIN was born in 1870. Naturalism was then at its height. Painters swore by Courbet, and Zola was supreme in the literary world. Socialism, as a political doctrine, could still sway nature minds, and materialism dominated philosophy.

At 19, he was sent to the Munich Academy by a group of Polish editors who discovered the boy's genius. From the age of 13 he had been supporting himself by selling small sculptured figures, having run away from his home town, Turek. He brought with him a remarkable capacity for work and a vivid memory of his father, a Hassid intent upon holiness. He was regarded by his colleagues as an uncivilized barbarian who had a mania for work. In a day he would do a problem which took some of them months. His stupendous prolificity was the amazement of all.

Once he was invited by one of the students to a Society Ball. "What is society?" he naively asked.

"What! You do not know what society is? Come and see," replied the surprised friend.

At ten o'clock Glicenstein wearied of the empty pomp, and demanded that they return home.

"We must go. I have a model to-

morrow morning, and I must be rested for work."

"You can't leave now. Why it would insult our host," remonstrated his amused companion.

He resigned himself to the higher laws of society, but at three o'clock his patience was exhausted, and he hurried breathlessly home. That night he punished himself for this unpardonable waste by sleeping on the cold hard floor, and recited the 'Shema.'

He might be regarded as a savage by his Munich comrades, but he knew his culture was far superior to theirs. He was a son of the prophets, the creators of the Bible, mystics, poets, and saints. It was this discipline and asceticism which made him the outstanding student and won for him the Prix de Rome in 1895 and 1896. He entered 15 pieces in the competitive exhibition instead of the usual one. Until today, this untiring energy continues.

But at Munich he was unhappy. Men were painting natural objects as if for the first time they had discovered the natural world, and clung to it tenaciously for fear of losing so precious an acquisition. It seemed as

if the minds of men knew a peculiar liberation in being freed from the burden of the supernatural. He came to Hirschenberg and spoke to him. To him Art was much more than imitation; nor could the artist ever hope to compete with nature. A painted nude could never have the warm appeal of palpitating flesh—no matter how realistically conceived and painted. He felt his task to be quite other than this. Hirschenberg only smiled, and told him if he had other feelings he should write them on paper, and give up the plastic arts. Why, if you paint a garbage heap, it must be so painted that the beholder must hold his nose and be repulsed by the reeking stench, was the cry of the day.

Glicenstein felt himself alone here. The greatest Art did much more than this—it was spirit informing matter; Art transmuted the particular material into a higher form, and attained the universal. The International Exhibition of 1892 was a turning point in his life. He saw for the first time Hodler's 'Night,' and trembled before the vision then revealed to him. Here was a man who was also dissatisfied with the limitations of naturalism. He



*While in Chicago recently, Enrico Glicenstein was guest of honor at a luncheon given by the officers of the Covenant Club. Here he is shown, third from the left, at the unveiling of his statue, 'Messiah,' on that occasion.*



had carried naturalism to its highest point—and went far beyond it to something which transcended it. This 'Night' meant a new dawn for Glicenstein. Gone were his doubts. With a shout of joy he set to work feverishly. A work of Art must be a vehicle for the spirit. Art should grapple with the highest problems of man, should attain the highest to which man aspires—and, if necessary, give body to the symbolic, the great myths which persistently haunt the mind, and always seize the Universal. Glicenstein does not burden his compositions with an idea, but gives expression to his ideas plastically.

He had not forgotten the noble heritage transmitted to him by his father. Perhaps the appearance of so many important Jewish artists in contemporary Art could never have been possible without the resurgence of Jewish mysticism. Chassidism infused a spirit into the hungry, soul-starved Jewish masses of Russia and Poland, which has flowered into the finest fruits of contemporary Art. Glicenstein insisted that Art must be more than natural; that it should possess divine attributes—unity, truth, beauty, and the good. His father was intent upon bringing the 'Shechinah' to man—and the son was intent upon bringing holiness to Art. He was proud of his Jewishness. This did not mean creating Jewish figures with ear-locks and 'Capotes.' What the Jew possessed at his highest was the ethical imagination—the heroism to reach out for the highest and noblest; just those qualities our present day Humanists insist are the necessary prerequisites for a great and enduring Art. Glicenstein created the cosmic, the super-human, the epic. The artist's function in life is not the dwarfed, fragmentary thing which it is to so many of the lesser artists. For Glicenstein, the supreme purpose of Art is Messianic. The artist is the liberator who brings salvation to spirit enslaved in matter. The artist gives expression to the mute and dumb. He must bear their burden, receive them unto himself, and bring them forth glorified.

The pains of creation weighted his soul, and Glicenstein consecrated himself to dedicate his entire life to Art, to bring liberation to the suffering and inarticulate—to all that is imprisoned in matter. He had the greatness to ascend the lonely mountain-top like Moses on Sinai, and in travail and isolation hewed the uncreated stone, giving it form, law—thus bringing redemption, light, and glory to the low,



*Saint Francis (Wood), by Glicenstein.*

humble, and oppressed. He knows well the great responsibility of the artist, and is not content to have Art serve as mere decoration and design. Fired with a great idea, he claims for Art its highest function—liberation. Not only to liberate forms from the chaos of Nature, but to liberate the souls of the beholders. Art is the great comforter and consoler. Who else but a creator with this high and serious purpose could have given us a "Messiah," a "Jeremiah," and a "Saint Francis"? These works possess a monumental unity, a solidity and compactness, the wholeness and oneness of the mystic, rare in our day.

Glicenstein did not attempt to be modern in the sense of adopting a passing convention, but ultra-modern in the sense of preserving those values

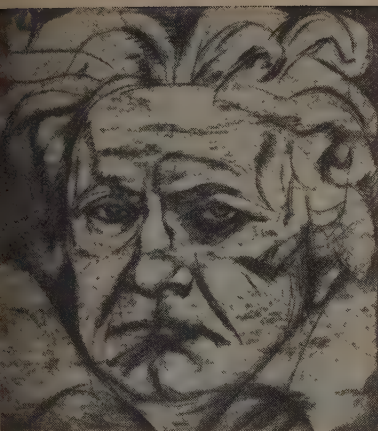
which will always have meaning for man. The truth which he found then is fresh today, and will remain alive for all time. Glicenstein's work points to the right direction to be taken; the wedding of pure form to what it derives from—the real. The union which he effected between the natural and the pure form in the 90's will show the artist of today a way of correlating form to the natural. In Glicenstein's day they sinned in over-emphasizing the natural, just as today there is a preponderance and exaggeration in the other direction, divorcing pure form from reality. This has been a dangerous separation, and the danger of a vital art perishing from inanition is liable to result unless this new integration is effected. All great art must establish this equilibrium. This Glicenstein saw clearly many years ago. His life has been an attempt to remain faithful to this great truth, and in some of his superb pieces this has been resplendently realized.

Glicenstein has lived in Rome for more than 30 years, where he has worked ceaselessly. There was something very apposite in his selecting this city for his abode, for his work belongs to the family of great religious art. In this city of the seven hills where so many spiritual influences converge, he saw, as a Jew, great visions and embodied them plastically. He never joined any artistic coterie nor courted the critics. Sure of himself and his purpose, he produced works in bronze, stone, wood and terra-cotta. This amazing output has won for him a high place so that today he is universally recognized as a supreme creator.

Like Michelangelo, he is not content with one medium. He claims the right to make use of any means of expression, and is equally at home in any medium. Nor is he limited in his range. With his "Spinoza" and "The Prophet" you will find "Mussolini" and "The Pope." His works can be found in the permanent collections of most of the Art Galleries of the world, and he has won innumerable gold medals in recognition of his achievements.

America has been fortunate in having this distinguished artist as its visitor. His work was exhibited in New York and Chicago and greatly acclaimed. Other cities are demanding the opportunity to see his sculpture and dry-point etchings. His etchings have the blocked-out forms of sculpture. This he attains with rude strokes which he cuts directly in the





Beethoven, one of Glicenstein's dry point etchings.

opper plate. He has an intimate knowledge of this material. The prints show a remarkable versatility. He draws upon the whole gamut of human feeling and thought. Some possess a rare clarity and lucidity, others are somber and serious. He allows himself an unlimited freedom. In his plates we see a prodigious display, with a wide range as any artist ever possessed. Some are deeply satirical and biting; others richly humorous. He passes from a naive and charm almost surprising, to a lyricism, grace, and delicacy; from a religious fervor and ecstasy to diabolic perversity; from a childish smile and simplicity to a leering grin and complexity. Here we have the grotesque, the fantastic, the languid and elegiac—in fact, an infinite variety is manifested. He delineates the Biblical world, and gives expression to its figures as only a master can, with a primitive vigor and directness, rich in action and movement which are like bas-reliefs, so incisively does he chisel the line, and build up his forms. He is equally at home with pagan myths, Christian legends, the whole of history from the beginning of time until today. In some of the prints there is a compressed power almost breaking in its intensity. In others there is a restless massiveness perpetually striving and reaching out to the infinite. His remarkable "Crucifixion" was bought by the British Museum. Many of the European Museums and private collections are proud possessors of his dry-points.

In seeing the man Glicenstein, one is immediately struck by his dynamic, radiant energy. His eyes pounce upon an object, and seem to seize it relentlessly. He penetrates directly to the core, the essence. His vibrancy com-

municates itself immediately, and he is like a fountain of energy, perpetually gushing his purest and best, abundantly, generously, superbly. "The artist must give!" he cries. "Always give! He must die to give birth. Death and rebirth. Every day is a new birth for me. Every day a new death. The artist does not take; he gives."

He works feverishly; wherever he is, there is his workshop. A conversation with him can never be forgotten. One feels that one has been in the presence of the more than human. Here are only a few crumbs from the overflow of wit, humor, pregnant ideas, and visions, which make up his conversations:

"Do you ever rest?"

"Yes, when I sleep."

When you discover that he sleeps only a few hours during the night, the stupendous energy of this giant produces a shock. During the day he is in his studio, chiseling stone or hewing wood. When the light fails, he takes up the needle, and attacks the copper plate. He is such a superb craftsman, and has such a remarkable technique that he can immediately express his vision or mood or idea in the material. Here in the dry-points we see him remarkably active. He cuts a few scratches here, seemingly meaningless, a few lines there, and as if by magic a form emerges. With a lesser artist this would result in utter chaos and formlessness. He is a master of discipline and control. He can build up a form superbly and is a master of design. He has a careful eye for composition, arranging his planes, volumes and masses subtly and structurally. The more resistance he encounters, the more he is attracted, and the more energetically does he give himself to the work at hand. Each work is a new problem, and must be disposed differently. He has a quick, virile line, an agility and suppleness constantly in obedience to his creative will.

"What is your favorite art epoch?"

"I love the highest expressions of each art epoch. Especially the primitives! As culture and civilization progress, art gains in technique, but loses in spirit. And oh! what spirit in the primitives! I love all the primitives."

"A sculptor starts to be a sculptor when he sculpts directly in the material. I don't call a modeller a sculptor."

"Now, what material do I prefer? An artist is an artist in every ma-

terial. I use stone for a sculpture which will be situated in the open; wood for the indoors."

This is indeed a modest reply for one who uses woods as no artist has been able to since the great religious sculptors who left their immortal monuments in the great cathedrals.

"I am only for the modern. I should like to be the modern of the moderns. Art should be vital, and relevant to the present. The sculptor should co-operate with the architect. Sculpture is always created in conjunction with architecture. Look at the Egyptians. Sculpture should be incorporated into the public buildings and central places of attraction. If today it is not the church, then let it be the department stores, the cinema. But even a fragment can be great art. Sculpture can be autonomous and independent of architecture if need be."

Glicenstein has a vast project for a Jewish Temple. This would be an enduring monument to the Jewish genius. Our more far-sighted leaders should take advantage of this while he is still here in America. It would be a shame for the Jews of America to neglect this great opportunity when even the Poles of America have commissioned him to erect a huge memorial to their American-Polish hero. This Jewish Temple, as Glicenstein sees it, would be the crown and glory of Jewish creative achievement, and would remain as an everlasting monument to the Jewish spirit.

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## The November Issue

of the

### B'nai B'rith Magazine

will contain many very unusual features. To give you an idea of what some of them will be, the following are a few examples:

#### CHAIM NACHMAN BIALIK

the greatest living Hebrew poet in the world today, contributes an autobiographical sketch of his own childhood.

#### NIGHTS IN PARIS

is the title of an article by the well-known writer, Israel Cohen, who here reports some of his absorbing experiences in France's capital.

#### GILBERT STUART

acknowledged by critics as the greatest of American portrait painters, created many beautiful works of art with Jews as his subjects. Many of these, in spite of the prominence of the artist, are little known, and Hannah R. London, the English authoress, brings to light many interesting facts concerning them.

#### OTHER FEATURES

equally important and intriguing, will also appear in the

### NOVEMBER ISSUE

Watch for it!

Out October 25



# Chassidism: Its Rise and Romance

By RABBI JACOB S. MINKIN



ONE of the finest achievements of "The Dybbuk" is that it has familiarized for the first time the American Jewish public with one of the least known but spiritually one of the most curious and interesting Jewish sects—the Chassidim. People who might have otherwise never heard of them have suddenly begun to talk and think of them. A sect obscure and unknown has thus for the first time been done justice. A religious movement nearly 200 years old has, for the first time, found its spokesman and interpreter. For Ansky is the poet of Chassidism as Bialik is the poet of the Beth Hamidrash. Both have immortalized for posterity a type of life and culture which is rapidly going out of existence. With infinite warmth, sympathy, and understanding both have thrown upon the canvas two of the most interesting pictures of the religious experiences of the Jewish people of the past generation.

But while the Beth Hamidrash has found its historians, men who by pen and mouth have given us glowing pictures of its inner warmth and spiritual loveliness, no such luck has befallen its sister movement, Chassidism. Although nearly 200 years old, Chassidism has not yet found its impartial judge or historian. People were either attracted or repelled by it. It was treated with either cold indifference or excessive admiration. It was either attacked or glorified, but has never been coolly and impartially treated. Graetz, for instance, the historian who has so magically unrolled for us a panorama of 4,000 years of Jewish history, considered the subject dismissed when he called it some ugly names such as, "The new sect, a daughter of darkness, was born in gloom, and even today proceeds stealthily on its mysterious way." Dubnow has written with greater charity and keener understanding of Chassidism, but even he has failed to probe the inner depth of the movement which, in its time, has swayed millions of Jewish hearts, and is perhaps among the most curious and interesting religious movements to be found anywhere. Never has a dissenting sect attracted greater attention; never has a purely spiritual revolt swayed a

greater number of men in a shorter space of time; never has a religious ecstasy, crystallizing itself into a great movement, been so full of good and evil, of triumph and failure, as Chassidism; and yet, in the history of the great religious movements of the world it found little place or hearing.

To understand, therefore, Chassidism, its strength and weakness, its triumph and failure, its faith and superstition, its repellent beauty and attractive loveliness, one must go not to books or learned treatises, but to Ansky's "The Dybbuk." Here the poet has succeeded where many learned scholars have failed. Direct contact has proved a better guide to the understanding of Chassidism than detached knowledge. One touch of poetic insight has done more for a correct understanding of this strangely curious and interesting sect than all the learned wranglings of scholars for 200 years. Zweifel and Horodetzky have done something for the rehabilitation of Chassidism, but their works are obscure and little known. It was not until the coming of "The Dybbuk" that the curtain was raised upon this romantic and the last of the great Jewish sects, which has colored and influenced the life of the Jewish people for nearly 200 years. No more sympathetic picture of Chassidism has ever been given than what is found in Ansky's "Dybbuk." The whole play moves in that spiritually ecstatic atmosphere which is highly characteristic of the philosophy and outlook of the Chassidic sect. Here you have a great religious movement two centuries old stand out life-like before you. You see its men and women in all their shades and colors; you hear their speech; you observe their action; you see them go through all the movements of their faith and superstition exactly as they were practiced in the Carpathian mountains 200 years ago, or in some obscure Chassidic village in Russia or Poland today. They are not creatures of the poetic imagination, they are not shadowy figures, but are living men and women. And you ask yourself, "Who is that strange body of men and women so strange and curious, of such uncouth loveliness and ecstatic beauty, a mixture of good and evil?" In other words, "Who and What are Chassidim?"

To understand Chassidism one must know its history and background; one must study it in relation to its place and time. Chassidism is the child of the 17th century, and the 18th century was one of the most intellectually productive in the history of the Jewish people. It was a period of great scholarly activity. Some of our greatest literary monuments were conceived and written during this time. It was also a time when Talmudic schools of learning flourished almost all over the world. Schools which might have rivaled the learning and piety of the great academies of Babylon were everywhere to be found, and books of rare learning and scholastic acumen were being daily added to rabbinic literature. It was the time of the Gaon of Wilna, and he was not the lonely peak of Jewish scholarship. There was a whole mountain range of saintly and learned men who glorified the pages of Israel's history.

But the prize was not without its price, and the system was not without its serious flaws. The enthronement of the intellect led to the debasement of emotion, and the feeding of the mind led not un rarely to the starving of the soul. In the hands of the learned doctors of the Law, Judaism became a system of cold and dry rationalism, without warmth and inspiration. In their excessive thirst for knowledge the Rabbis had forgotten that man is not only a reasoning being, but also an emotional being, that beside the mind there are other faculties as well—feelings, emotions, and sentiments which crave satisfaction. At any rate, however intellectualized Judaism would satisfy the Jews of Lithuania, their brethren of Poland and the Ukraine, being of a more poetic and emotional temperament demanded a different diet. While in Lithuania dry book-learning became inseparable from the godly life, in Podolia and Volhynia the hunger for God other than what was to be found in learned tomes was clearly on the lips of thousands of men. This is why, on the whole, there was such spiritual aridity among the Jews of Russia and Poland during the 17th and 18th centuries, why, while of late books there were many, of such ecstatic outpourings of the heart as one finds in the Psalms or in the poeti-



liturgy of the Middle Ages there were few. Sabbatism and Frankism tried to recapture that lost mood of the Jew, but their movement soon became gross, selfish, and materialistic, and repelled rather than attracted earnest seekers after God. Signs were, therefore, not wanting which clearly indicated that the time was ripe for the rise of a spiritual movement which, while in harmony with traditional Judaism, would prove more satisfactory to the great majority of the Jewish masses than the rule of the intellect alone.

In Chassidism the revolt against the crushing weight of legalistic Judaism mounted to a high flame. In setting themselves up against the authority of the Rabbis, they denied the supremacy of reason and intellect as the only approach to God. In calling themselves Chassidim, pietists, they made piety, that spontaneous spiritual upwelling of the heart, the ruling motto of their religious life and conduct. The early Chassidim were of a happy, joyous, and cheerful disposition. Religious cheerfulness as against the morbidity and mustiness of the Beth Hamidrash, was one of the dominant characteristics of the Chassidic sect. They brought back to Judaism something of that joyousness of the Jewish faith which must have filled the heart of the Psalmist when he sang, "Thy statutes have become songs unto me." Singing became part of their services, but not that sad and plaintive chant, that chant full of tears and woe such as has been immortalized by Bialik in his poem, "Hamathmid," but happy and joyous songs, such as can come only from men filled with the happiness and joyousness of life. Optimists were they, and never would they allow the bitterness and poverty of their life to mar the peace and serenity of their soul. Like Besht, their founder, they were great lovers of nature. They were pantheists before that term was coined. Wood and meadow, the song of the birds and the murmur of brooks, filled their soul with a passionate religious ecstasy.

It was a revolution plain and simple, such as had never occurred in the history of the Jewish people. What the rabbis affirmed the Chassidim denied; what the former declared essential, the latter considered trivial. For the first time Judaism was threatened with a schism which promised to disrupt the unity of the Jewish people. Although remaining within the fold of Judaism, the Chassidim became a separate and distinct com-

munity. They were different in almost everything, different in their synagogues and services, different in their practices and observances, different in their social and religious life. They even called their spiritual leaders by different names. Abandoning the familiar and time-honored title Rabbi, they crowned their religious head with the name *Zaddik*. While many of the *Zaddikim* were also men of deep Talmudic learning, yet it was piety rather than scholarship that was their greatest title to distinction. It was piety, that sort of piety which finds its fulfillment in complete, mystic absorption in God which distinguishes the *Zaddik* from his brother Rabbi. The *Zaddik* would not only solve intricate problems of the Law, but would also, when the need and occasion demanded it, even force the hands of the Deity to do his will and perform strange and miraculous deeds. Unlike the Rabbi, the *Zaddik* did not stand aloof from his people. He would enter their innermost life, listen to their sorrows and soothe their pains.

And the success of Chassidism was electrical. Never has a new movement spread with such lightning-like rapidity as this new sect. The spark grew to a flame, and the flame to a conflagration till, in an incredibly short time, it encircled almost half the Jewry of Eastern Europe. Thousands flocked to the new standard which had been unfurled. From all classes of Jewry they came, but particularly from the lower and humbler portions of the people. And there was good and sufficient reason for this. Under the rule of Rabbinism, the great masses of Jewry found themselves spiritually forgotten and uncared for. They were the disinherited children of the Household of Israel, as it were. Their intellectual inferiority exposed them to the ridicule and mockery of their more learned brethren. The term *Am Haaretz* was applied to them, and they felt the bitterness of its sting. They might be rich and successful and possibly possessed of excellent qualities, but being unlearned they were taken little notice of. Their place in the synagogue was meek and humble, and never could they aspire to the honors which were showered upon their intellectually superior brethren. Writes a contemporary Lithuanian Jew, subsequently known as Solomon Maimun: "Talmudic scholarship constitutes the principal object of education among us. Wealth, physical attraction, or endowment of any kind, though appreciated by the people, do not in its estimation, compare with the dignity of a good

Talmudist. The Talmudist has a first claim on all offices in the community. Whenever he appears at an assembly, all rise before him, and conduct him to the foremost place. He is the confidante, the judge, the counsellor, the legislator of the plain man."

But with the coming of Chassidism all this was changed. A new meaning came into their life. They suddenly found themselves the equals of their brethren. All distinction of rank, position and station were swept away. Before the *Zaddik* they were all children of God. Rich and poor, master and servant, learned and untutored, they were all equal in his sight. What wonder then, that Chassidism succeeded, that in such an incredibly short space of time it counted its adherents by the millions?

Of course, its growth was not without serious obstacles. The Misnagdim (opposition) were not slow to recognize the dangers which lurked in the wake of Chassidism, and for a time at least the battle was keen and grave. Even the Gaon of Wilna left his seclusion and hastened to the defense of the faith. All sorts of accusations were made, all sorts of invectives were invented, no term was too harsh and bitter to apply to each other. The flame of war mounted high, and for a time without much honor to either party. The Chassidim were accused of encouraging ignorance and the Misnagdim were called intellectual cobweb spinners. A literature bitter in its tone and indiscriminate in language grew out of this party warfare. But at last both parties laid down their arms. A truce was called and the wounds that were inflicted healed quickly. Chassidism came out triumphant. It was to be inviolable. Nothing could stop its growth and development. The verdict of the masses of the people was on its side. The people were longing for something else than the rabbis could give. The learning of the Beth Hamidrash left the great masses of the people cold and unimpressed, and Chassidism was the answer. And today, although its first ardor has cooled off, and it is no longer that mystico-fantastic sect it was in the early days of its inception, Chassidism is still, in the old world at least, one of the largest sects in the Jewish world. Passing far beyond the Carpathian mountains and the Moldavian and Ukrainian steppes where it was first cradled, Chassidism has spread to all the parts of the Jewish world, coloring and influencing the social and spiritual life of millions of Jews.



# A SILENT Garden

By SHOLOM ASCH

(Translated from the Yiddish  
by Dr. Samuel L. Slovin)



WHEN Little Shimon died, his two sons, Nate and Anshel, swore over his grave that they would never neglect their mother and that, as long as they lived, they would cherish the memory of their father.

"Don't worry, Papa," Nate cried into the open grave, "We will make arrangements for mother."

Nate's wife, encouraged by her husband's example, approached the bier and said, "Go quickly and spare no effort to plead 'Over There' for the welfare of our only child, your grandchild."

"Why only her child," interrupted the other daughter-in-law, Anshel's wife. "Let him intercede on behalf of all his children and grandchildren."

"Not only for his children but for other people's children, for all the young men who are about to go through the fire. Oy, let him plead for them too, that they may be overlooked—that the bullet may not find them." This last from a totally strange woman who, passing by, cried her prayer into the grave, as if taking advantage of the free opportunity afforded by Little Shimon's departure to send along her message.

Whether Little Shimon will punctually and accurately fulfill all the missions with which the living had burdened him, I cannot say, but of this I am certain—he heard every word. When the elder son cried "Father, don't worry. We will make arrangements for mother," a faint smile hovered on Shimon's dead, bloodless lips and the gray, bristling hairs of his moustache moved ever so slightly. Little Shimon must have remembered the oft-repeated promise of his well-to-do son. "Papa, don't worry. We will make arrangements."

When Little Shimon came to this country from the small town in Poland, he brought with him his shears, two bony hands, a smile on his face, his frail, devoted wife and companion, Nehe, and his two boys, Nate and Anshel.

Almost immediately upon his arrival he went to work. Always he had



worked. When there was no work to do he became gloomy and bored, felt useless, superfluous. Sabbaths and holidays were wearisome days spent in yearning for the time to return to his work. It seemed, indeed, as if the needles and shears had become actual parts of his body, members without which life was impossible, whose absence left him incomplete.

It is true that during the week days he often longed for the Sabbath and a good, satisfying sleep, but when the desired day came and Little Shimon had slept to repletion, he would grow impatient and pace restlessly back and forth through the house, hardly able to find a place for himself. He had no friends or acquaintances, so he would spend the latter part of the day looking anxiously for the appearance of the first star, that announces the end of the Sabbath.

"What are you looking for? Why

are you in such a hurry?" his wife would ask him.

"It's too long, this Sabbath," he would answer. "I feel like being back at my work."

Thus Little Shimon passed his life. The boys soon married and went on their own ways and he was left alone with Nehe, his faithful, toilworn wife. Evening, both summer and winter, they spent in the kitchen, which served as the all-purpose room, the clean, picture-bedecked parlor being used only at night as a bedroom. So in the kitchen, they would sit mostly in silence. Sometimes they would recall some acquaintance of the old home.

"Remember Long Shmuel from Home?" the little man would suddenly ask his wife.

"You mean the one whose daughter ran off with a soldier?"

"Yes."



"What made you think suddenly of Long Shmuel?"

"Oh, just so."

Again he would recall some familiar street in their little home town.

"You remember the little back street at home?"

"You mean where Aunt Broche lived?"

"Yes, where the little pump stood and they used to go on a Saturday afternoon with dippers to get fresh water."

"I remember. What made you think suddenly of the little street?"

"Oh, just so."

On rare occasions one of the sons, remembering his father and mother, would drop unexpectedly into their little kitchen.

"Look who is here," Little Shimon would cry out. "Nate is here. I would sooner expect to see the Messiah than you. Well, how is everything? How is the wife and children?"

"All right."

"Won't you have a little glass of red beet juice your mother made? You always used to like it so much."

"And you, father, still working in the Brooklyn shop?"

"What can one do? One must make a living, you know."

"Really," Nehe would say, "He has hardly any strength left. All night long he moans with pains in his sides."

"Never mind, papa, don't you worry. We will make arrangements. I'll talk it over with Anshel. You won't have to work in your old age."

Little Shimon would smile that same, kindly, pale little smile that hovered on his lips when they were lowering him into the ground.

Another six months would pass and the old people neither saw nor heard of their children. They lived in far removed sections of the town and once, when Shimon and Nehe started out to visit their children and grandchildren, they got lost and were glad to find their way back home.

Another six months, then a son would drop unexpectedly into the kitchen.

"Well papa, still working in the shop?"

"What can one do? One must make a living, support your mother."

"Well, don't you worry, Pop. We will make arrangements."

Soon the oft-repeated promise would be conveniently forgotten, and so

again and again until, one day, the sons heard that their father had died.

His death was as quiet and forgotten as his life. His funeral cortege consisted of one carriage carrying the widow and the sons and daughters-in-law, who were now charging him with the various missions in the Beyond, in return for which they promised to "make arrangements for mother."

Old Nehe stood by the grave and wept quietly. She did not speak or complain. She had no missions for him, no favors to ask. Mutely she stood through the burial ceremonies. Motionless, she watched the two grave diggers covering with earth her Little Shimon. When all the rites had been said and the others were preparing to leave, she remained standing as if rooted to the spot, her hands outstretched toward him. Her children took her by the arms and said, "Come, mother."

She turned on them her naive, extinguished eyes, like eyes of a dumb animal and asked, "Where?"

Her sons led her away saying: "Don't worry, mother, we will make arrangements."

On their way from the cemetery the sons disputed over their mother, each insisting that she spend the Shiva, the seven days of mourning, in his house. She went with Nate the older one, who was a salesman, had only one child, and was better off than Anshel. After the first eight days she went for a visit to Anshel, stayed there a while, went back to Nate, and so she wandered back and forth from one son to the other until it was decided to place her in an "aged" home. But before her children could "make arrangements" she departed quietly to join her husband.

They did not bury her next to her husband. The neighboring plots had already been occupied and, besides, that section of the cemetery was too expensive. So they buried her in a new cemetery, far from the city, where ground was cheap. Thus, they who had always been together through life were separated in death, he lying with strangers in one place, she with strangers in another.

Forgotten in death as they had been in life, their graves soon joined that great sea of "forgotten ones." They had no one, nothing except a little portion of sky and a small heap of earth.

But they needed no more. In winter, their graves were hidden from the

world by a robe of snow, but when summer came, a genial, loving sun, lifting the snow covering off the earth's surface, revealed the two graves. The wind brought to their bare mounds pollen dust and seeds of flowers and green things, treasures stolen from the graves of the rich and planted among those of the poor. By day the sun warmed and nurtured the seeds, and by night, the rain planted them deep into ground. Early and late, the dew moistened and freshened them till soon, the graves of Little Shimon and his wife Nehe, although separated on two different fields, bloomed golden with dandelions, and blue with water lilies, fragrant with white honey suckles, with Jasmine and with Gentian. Their graves were converted into silent, blooming gardens, unnoticed and unintended save by the quiet, hidden hand of Nature.

Sometimes the brothers would meet on a crowded car on their way to work, or in a hall at a meeting.

"Hello, Nate."

"Hello, Anshel."

"Say, we ought to go out sometime to the cemetery to see how the old people are," one would say.

"Sure, I am ready," the other would answer. "A week from next Sunday I'll meet you at the Brooklyn Bridge at 12 o'clock."

"All right. Remember, now, next Sunday a week."

The brothers knew that all this was just formula, that they would not meet, that they'd never go. So many other more important things were claiming their attention. Years passed by and the two graves remained hidden from every living eye, still gardens, blooming quietly.

Once it happened that one of the sons went to the cemetery to attend the funeral of a member of his society (attendance was obligatory, there being a fine for unwarranted absence on such occasions). While there, he thought of his father's grave and went to look for it. It was in the summer and he looked a long time before he found among the tall grasses his father's little headstone. He was filled with awe and wonder.

What mysterious hand had planted so quietly the garden on his father's grave?

He did not know that the quiet wind and the good Mother Earth did not forget even the insignificant little tailor. . . .





*The ancient ceremony of blowing the shofar during the high holy days this year at the Jewish Orthodox Home for Aged in Chicago was performed by Barnett Kaufmann, 101, pictured above.*

THE Jewish Welfare Board has arranged for appropriate observance of the high holy days for those Jewish soldiers and sailors in the United States military forces who are on duty away from home. The Board arranged with the War Department that furloughs be granted for this purpose. In addition to holding services in this country for soldiers and sailors, the Board is performing similar functions in outlying points, including China, Manila, Hawaii, Panama, and Haiti.

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WHAT is said to be Australia's first Reform Jewish New Year and Atonement services are being held at Melbourne this year by Rabbi Jerome Mark of Selma, Ala., who has been granted a six-months' leave of absence by his Temple to do extension work there for the World Union for Progressive Judaism.

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WITH a deficit of \$100,000 to be met in addition to the regular budget, Hias, the Hebrew Sheltering and Immigrant Aid Society of America, faces a crisis, the outcome of which may be the shutting down of all its activities, unless aid is forthcoming. Last year close to 50,000 Jews were directly aided by Hias, which is the only Jewish organization in the world which, together with the co-operating agencies, is standing by the side of the hapless Jewish immigrants of all lands.

# A CROSS-SECTION

MEMBERSHIP rallies and teas, addressed by prominent speakers, opened the season's activities in fund-raising, membership, and cultural work for Hadassah, the Women's Zionist Organization of America. Special efforts are being made to increase the membership of Hadassah's 300 chapters before October 26, when the sixteenth annual convention of the organization will be held in Buffalo. Harry Snell, Labor member of the British Parliament, who was on the Shaw Commission that investigated the August, 1929, riots in Palestine, will address the delegates.

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THE Bible as history is being proved more reliable every year as the result of archeological findings periodically being made in Palestine. The most recent discoveries, announced by the joint expedition of the Xenia Seminary and the American School of Oriental Research, which has been excavating at Tel Beit Mirsin, 13 miles from Hebron, revealed objects showing the cultural development of Palestine during the two years preceding 586 B.C.E., the year in which Nebuchadnezzar destroyed the Temple. The era of Abraham and the story of the exodus from Egypt and the conquest of Canaan are also among the authenticated Bible narratives, according to M. Albright, leader of the expedition.

INSISTING that this is no idle cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" the Union of Orthodox Rabbis of the United States and Canada has issued a desperate appeal for immediate help to the extent of \$150,000 to save the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary and Yeshiva College, in New York City. Rabbi L. Silver, President of the Yeshiva, Rabbi M. S. Margolies, and other prominent rabbis and laymen who signed the appeal, point out that unless the sum asked for is not raised at once, the future of the College will be menaced.

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GEORGES DE PORTO-RICHE, generally known as "the father of modern French drama," and a leading playwright of France for many decades, died last month in Paris at the age of 82. Anti-Semitism prevented his election to the French Academy until 1923. Among his disciples were Henri Bernstein, Edmond See, and Henri Bataille.

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WE must agree to Palestine becoming a bi-national state," was the startling statement made recently by Dr. Chaim Weizmann in Berlin at the session of the World Zionist Actions Committee. "It is impossible to continue the talk about a Jewish State as we did during the period when the world was engaged in war. Our

present slogan must be 'peaceful co-operation.'"

Dr. Weizmann declared that the aim of the Zionists is not a Jewish State but "the creation of the material foundation for an autonomous and productive Jewish unit."

Dr. Weizmann then offered to resign as President of the Z. O. because of criticism, but the Actions Committee refused to accept his resignation.



*Mischa Elman, renowned violinist, is preparing at his California home for an extensive European tour in the near future. The artist is seen here with his wife and two children.*



# OF JEWISH LIFE



The Zionist-Revisionists in session at Prague. Seated at the speakers' desk, fifth from the left, is Vladimir Jabotinsky, leader of this group.

VLADIMIR JABOTINSKY, leader of the Zionist Revisionists, spoke for three hours at the opening session of the fourth world conference of the Union of Zionist Revisionists in Prague. Most of his address was a sharp and bitter criticism of the present leadership of the World Zionist Organization and condemnation of the British policy in Palestine. He censured the Zionist leaders more than the British government for last year's outrages in Palestine, declaring that the former never demanded enough protection from the latter. "This policy of the Zionist executive must now be declared bankrupt," he said.

Henceforth the Revisionists will conduct their own political activities independently of the Z. O. or the Jewish Agency, particularly in pleading the Zionist cause before governments and statesmen.

The convention adopted a resolution calling for an extra World Zionist Congress this year and the resignation of the World Zionist Executive.

\* \* \*

UNDER the auspices of the United Synagogue of America, a "National Committee of One Thousand" citizens throughout the land will endeavor to enlist the active participation of the larger communities in the religious welfare of the smaller unorganized towns. Mr. A. B. Cohen, President of the Eastern Pennsylvania Branch of the United Synagogue, and an outstanding personality in religious and communal work, will be national chairman.

THE National Council of Jewish Women hopes this year to organize Council sections in all states which so far have none. These include Mississippi, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Montana, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, and New Mexico.

Junior Sections of the National Council will be enrolled this year in study circles which will discuss recent

books dealing with the Peace problem. They will present pageants and plays on that subject, and arrange public lectures by authoritative speakers.

\* \* \*

BEGINNING this September, Hebrew is to be offered as an elective subject in a number of New York high schools. This significant decision on the part of the Board of Education comes as the result of more than two years' concentrated effort on the part of a committee representing several Jewish national organizations.

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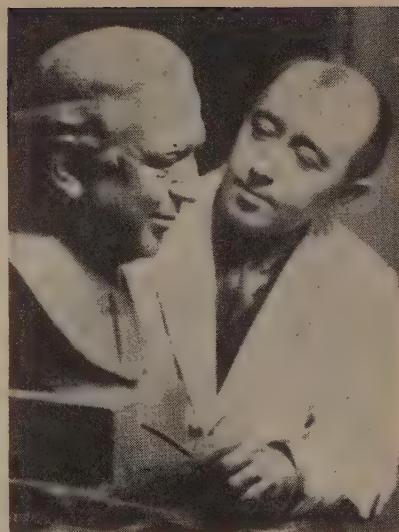
ORT activities in Soviet Russia are being extended as the result of an agreement with the Soviet government, by virtue of which skilled workers among the Jewish youth will be prepared for the state and artisan industry.

\* \* \*

THE Yiddish Art Theater of Maurice Schwartz will move from New York to Philadelphia. Mr. Schwartz, who has been in the Argentine giving a series of star performances, announced while there that he would not return to the United States unless assured of support for his company.

\* \* \*

FRIENDS and admirers of Simeon Dubnow, famous Jewish historian, celebrated his 70th birthday in Berlin on September 24. Dubnow was born in Russia, but now lives in Berlin. His best-known work is the popular two-volume history of the Jews from the post-Biblical period up to 1882, and a history of the Jews of Poland and Russia.



Jacob M. Loeb, Chicago philanthropist, has been elected President of the Jewish People's Institute for the 19th consecutive time. The directors have donated the above bust of Mr. Loeb to the Institute. Nurmi Patlajean, the sculptor, is seen here with his work.

CINCINNATI will hold its first Jewish Welfare Fund campaign in the autumn, and Murray Seasongood, mayor of the city from 1926 to 1930, and prominent attorney, will be chairman of the drive. The quota is \$200,000, of which half is Cincinnati's share of the national Allied Jewish Campaign. The other \$100,000 is for Jewish organizations receiving funds in Cincinnati but not members of the Community Chest.

\* \* \*

MRS. GOTTFRIED D. BERNSTEIN is President of the Blind Service Association in Chicago, the purpose of which is to undertake fund-raising enterprises in the interest of the blind, as well as personal social service. The sixth annual concert of the Association, its most important event of the year, will be held October 22 in Temple Sinai. Fifty blind artists will perform.

\* \* \*

BECAUSE the Young Judeans are too young, and Avukah is confined to college youths, and because Junior Hadassah is limited to young women, a new national Zionist youth organization is being launched this autumn in Cleveland. It is named Masada, and will attempt to enroll young men between the ages of 20 and 30 in the Zionist Organization of America, where they will retain a corporate existence of their own, with activities chiefly cultural.



# WE SEE IN THE PAPERS....



TWO writers, among others, went to Oberammergau this year to witness the Passion Play. One was a Jew, David Ewen; the other a Catholic, James J. Walsh. Both wrote articles on the spectacle, the former for the *Jewish Tribune*; the other, for the *Commonweal*, liberal Catholic weekly. A comparison, or rather a contrast, of these articles, is illuminating.

Both writers paid tribute to the superb showmanship of the producers and the artistry of the performers. But their reactions to the spectacle as a whole was—well—different.

At the climax of the play, Mr. Walsh declared, "Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, believers and unbelievers joined for a moment, it seemed, in an act of supreme worship. There was a true lifting up of hearts to higher things," which "sent a thrill through hearts that was not theatrical but deeply religious."

Mr. Ewen is not so sure, but in a questioning mood writes: "What can be the emotions of the audience, already on edge before the Passion Play begins, when the story slowly unfolds before their very eyes, telling how their Savior is brutally dragged in the dust, wounded and bleeding, and then is crucified—by Jews? For throughout the whole Passion Play the Jew is put into a most despicable light. . . . His blackness is brought out with considerable clarity by the acting."

Mr. Walsh reported that "the Crucifixion and the successive last words were so deeply impressive that audible sighs of sympathy could be heard, yet with a suppression that made them almost breathless. When the tragedy of Calvary was completed there was a sense of relief for, after all, it was a 'happy fault' that led to it."

Mr. Ewen failed to detect the sense of relief in the audience, for he wrote "they are completely swept away by their religious emotions. By the time the crucifixion scene is on the effect upon the audience is so colossal that you can see people weeping, tearing their hair, you can hear hysterical cries throughout the whole audience. At one performance, it is said, some woman actually went insane with pain and sorrow."

The enduring effect of all this is apparently also a matter of opinion. When Jesus is crucified, according to

Mr. Ewen, the bitterness reaches such heights that "the anger of the audience against the Jew is audible."

"Those who came to the play favorably disposed felt deeply the religious lessons of it," writes Mr. Walsh. "Christ's own words were that when He should be lifted up on the Cross, He would draw all men to him, and this is eminently exemplified in the widespread appeal the Passion Play has for people of our time."

Would that it were so! Mr. Ewen stayed in Oberammergau for another evening to listen to reactions and stated that the play "had insidiously instilled hate into their hearts. One could clearly see that these people had undergone a rigorous emotional experience. But a religious consciousness was awakened into their hearts not half so much as a burning hate for the Jew. For the Passion Play's greatest aim was to exalt Christianity by pushing Judaism into the mire. And when one considers that about a quarter-million people will see the Passion Play, all to be equally influenced and overwhelmed by the spectacle, then only do we realize the terrible influence that it is exerting. I am convinced that as long as there are Passion Plays, so long will it be impossible for there to arise a spiritual understanding between Jew and Christian."

\* \* \*

MANY Jews the world over have been indignant over Great Britain's recent suspension of Jewish immigration to Palestine because of the real or fancied effect on the development of the Jewish National Homeland. But William Zukerman, London Jewish journalist, in an article in a recent issue of the *Nation* entitled "The Jews—A Nation Trapped," advances a different reason for the world-wide protest. Showing how discrimination against the Jew in most countries in the Old World has made life intolerable there, he points out

that most lands in the New World have high immigration bars. In this dilemma the Jews of Eastern Europe had turned to Palestine as a last resort, even though it would not, of course, accommodate more than a fraction of them. Still, a fraction is better than none at all.

"And suddenly this suspension order of the British Labor Government cuts off one of the very few remaining outlets for immigration," writes Mr. Zukerman. "What wonder that a cry so pitiful and heartrending is raised? It is not because of Zionism, the failure of the national home, or the blow to the idea of the Jewish state. . . . Jewish immigration into Palestine means both less and infinitely more than the revival of a Jewish state. It means the freedom, hope, and self-respect of a nation. It is economics through and through. Zionism does not begin and end with Palestine. It affects every country with a Jewish population. The world must realize that it cannot have it both ways with the Jews. It cannot bait and hunt them in Europe, bar them from America, Africa, and Australia, and then on top of it all cut off their last avenue of escape in Asia. They must have a place somewhere. That is the true reason for the present Jewish outburst. It is not directed against Great Britain alone, nor is it an uprising of the Jews in defense of their national home. It is a protest against the entire world."

\* \* \*

"OUR first reaction to the [Jewish] problem," declares an editorial of high merit in a recent issue of the *Jewish Post* of Paterson, N. J., "is to know our own function, to resolve to maintain Judaism as a spiritual force through the indefinite future, to transmit our heritage from generation to generation."

But the best paragraph in the editorial follows:

"The main factor in solving the Jewish problem in America, about which we begin to hear so much, is to discover that it depends upon the simple understanding of the fact that we must educate, spiritualize, and moralize our Jewish people today in a new age and environment. We shall find the way here as we did elsewhere, if we really want to preserve Judaism and the Jew."

(Continued on Page 23)



# Seventy Years Young

By SAMUEL TENENBAUM



**ABRAHAM CAHAN**, founder and editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, one of the largest Jewish dailies in the world, has been only lightly touched by his 70 years. He is still the colorful, dynamic figure who has played such an important role in immigrant Jewish life in America. On the occasion of the celebration of his anniversary recently, he was asked how it feels to be 70. The answer he made, with that wide chuckle of his, was this: "Like nothing. Byrd was asked how it felt to be at the pole. He also answered: 'It doesn't feel like anything.' I know this: If I had the choice of being 50 again, I wouldn't take it. To learn anything about this miserable world of ours takes so long! At 50, one knows little. Now things are beginning to appear clear and somewhat understandable."

To anyone who knows Abe Cahan, the answer is the only logical one he could make. It is impossible for him to look back; he can only look forward. The years have only made him more active, more vivid, more creative. Cahan has no fear of death. As he says, he does not know how long he may live, nor does he care, but as long as he lives he wants to continue the work to which he has given his life—Socialism and literature. These two, at 70, are still his passionate interests.

Neither have the years diminished his capacity for work. He continues in control of the *Forward*, he battles East Side "problem" in the same aggressive fashion, he puts the same amount of time in his literary work, and makes the same number of speeches for the Socialist movement. I interviewed him in his editorial sanctum, located on the ninth floor of the *Forward* Building, which has a commanding position on the Ghetto East Side, both as a building and as a guiding force. He was in his shirt-sleeves, dictating, giving directions to writers, consulting with editors. A captivating figure this Abe Cahan, with his high forehead, and gray hair, and thick glasses that cannot succeed in hiding two eyes which seem to bore through you, two darting eyes always on the move, letting nothing escape them. The energy of the man is so

great that it communicates itself to everybody.

While speaking to Abe Cahan, I began to perceive how many facets there are in him. He has seen so much, been to so many places, done so much. . . . It is difficult to write about such a man. Shall I speak of him as an American novelist, or as a publicist, or critic, or Socialist leader, or plain editor of the *Jewish Forward*?

First, let us trace his beginnings. Born near Vilna, in an orthodox family, he knew early what poverty was. His father, he said, had a dual personality. With one, he was God-fearing, a *melamed*, eking out a miserable existence. His other self was

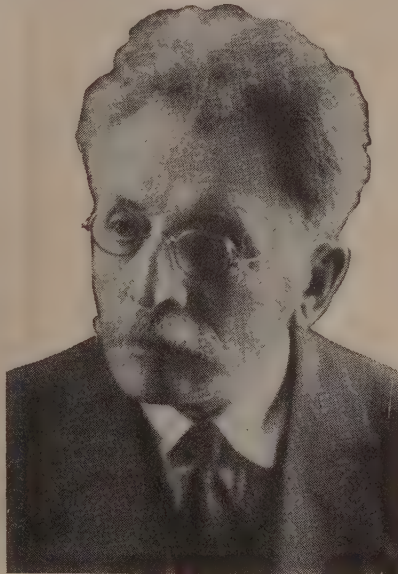
that of a sentimental dreamer, who loved music, and whose criterion of the judgment of knowledge of others was by the number of languages they knew. Of course, he wanted his son to be a rabbi, but Abraham early showed radical tendencies, wanting, for some inexplicable reason, to speak Russian and read Russian books. Abraham entered a public school, and spent part of the time in secular study and the rest in *cheder*. Long he did not continue to go to school, but he did study and read by himself. His father was shocked by his son's agnosticism, yet it was mixed with admiration, inasmuch as his son seemed to be picking up languages and seemed to be able to get along with people generally.

"At this period," said Cahan, "I wanted something. Exactly what, I did not know. I dimly perceived that the life of my parents was narrow and not entirely satisfactory."

By hard self-study, he was able to enter the Vilna Teachers' Institute at the age of 17. Fellow-students vividly remember the stocky-haired,

active, young man. "I always see him," said one, "in the midst of other students, arguing and discussing, always with a book under his arm, trying to get readers for this author and that author, or, if not, trying to get readers for the circulating library which we maintained in secret defiance of the authorities."

Lo! The inevitable had happened—Abe Cahan had become a revolutionist. "After that," he said, "everything looked and appeared differently. All we had to do, I thought, was to pass on the good word to the masses and we would have a better world. How little I knew! Why, even to effect a change in the wearing of a



Abraham Cahan

neck-tie requires a life-time of patient, plodding work."

Upon graduation, he was sent to a neighboring district to teach, but his career was destined to end abruptly. A police search in the house of a friend revealed contraband literature and information which linked Cahan with revolutionary activities. Almost at the same time, another revolutionist, when arrested, was found with one of his letters. His position was now dangerous. At night, he hired a boat and sailed across the Dvina River. That year, 1881, was an eventful one in the story of the Jewish people. Czar Alexander was assassinated and horrible pogroms followed against the Jews. During this time, Cahan was a fugitive from justice, wandering from place to place, in the hope of reaching a seaport and sailing for America. He became part of the exodus of Jews, who were, of course, leaving for altogether different reasons. All over Russia, he said, Jews were giving up their homes and going—any place, but away from Russia. He met pathetic sights.



This period, Abe Cahan said, marked the renaissance of Jewish consciousness. Wealthy Jews from all over the world responded to the emergency. Passage tickets were provided, and delegations of native Jews met the exiled Russian Jews wherever they appeared. In this stream floated along Abe Cahan, finally arriving in America in 1881, 21 years of age. His first job was in a factory, stripping tobacco. He neither liked the work nor was he capable at it, and soon gave it up. The urge that dominated him at the time was to learn English, and he wanted to give all his time to it. He had obtained an English grammar, written by a German, who in characteristic fashion wrote a very thorough but very dull affair. Cahan settled down to master it, but it became too much. Even today when he thinks of the book there comes to him a picture of an unusually large dose of castor oil. "I thought," he said, with a chuckle, "that my only hope of knowing English was to go through the entire thing." He picked up a paper, and found he could understand it. He also entered a public school on Chrystie Street, which is still on the East Side. Since, the principal figured out, he would know equally little in the first or the last grade, he might as well go into the highest grade. Cahan can still remember the teacher scolding the other children and pointing to him as a model. "He knows all about Russia," the teacher would say, "but do you know anything about America?" The praise was called forth when he was able to locate the Dvina River, which he had, as you recall, good reason to remember.

After he had finished several chapters of that grammar, he was already giving English lessons. For several years he taught English to foreigners in the public schools of the East Side.

Another activity hardly indicated thus far is his connection, almost from the day he landed in America, with the Socialist party. Cahan made the first open-air Socialist soap-box address in Yiddish in America. He is proud of that. Another event which he likes to recall is the gathering of tailor workers which eventuated, after years of struggle, with the *Jewish Forward* playing a pivotal part, in the powerful East Side trade unions. Economic conditions then were horrible. Immigrants lived in foul, damp, dark, slum houses. They lived in basements, back rooms without windows—four, five, six in a room and with perhaps two or three boarders thrown

in—in these dark hovels the whole family, as well as the children, would work as long as the body lasted. The Jewish factories were not much better, either. The bosses, recent immigrants themselves, operated on a "shoestring," and it seemed plain waste to them to pay extra for a habitable loft. The wages were pitifully little and the harder the immigrant worked, the more he enlisted the aid of his child and wife, the lower wages became, for he was making (from necessity, of course) labor a shoddy and cheap commodity indeed! The law of supply and demand holds for labor as well as it does for other economic forces. As Abe Cahan told the tailor workers at that meeting, the only hope of the worker was for him to organize; alone, he was helpless. All that is a story of yesterday. Now, as he looks back at it, his big joy is that "I did not back the wrong horse. The slums and the sweatshops which I knew, I crusaded against. Today they are gone, but there is still much to be done."

"New York to me is a great and beautiful city—a city of tremendous enterprise. The unions helped in its growth to beauty. They made it impossible for the bosses to be mean. That made for a better life. Credit is also due to the Jew. His enterprise made the growth of the garment center possible, which is just a symbol. The fine thing is that this same Russian Jew made it possible for a poor farmer's wife to go to church on Sunday dressed like a European nobleman's wife."

William Dean Howells, although he hailed Cahan as a "literary star of the first magnitude," first came to meet him, not as a literary man, but as a Socialist and labor organizer. Cahan opened a new and rich field of literary work. The life of the East Side Ghetto Jew was unknown to the English press. Abe Cahan wrote several Yom Kippur synagogue sketches, and took them to the *New York Sun*, then known as the "newspaperman's paper." The editor, never having seen anything like it before, was enthusiastic and told him to write more. Then he began to give to the Gentile world some inkling of the tragedy, the hope, the beauty and the self-sacrifice of Jewish life. He published short stories and articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and other periodicals. Howells was very much interested in movements of social betterment. He and his wife once came to visit the union headquarters. Cahan showed him

around. They left and the matter was, it seems, forgotten. A short time later, Mrs. Howells picked up the *Short Story Magazine* and saw a story by Abe Cahan. She remembered the name and read the story. She had never associated a labor union agitator with literary work, and was agreeably surprised. She got in touch with him and from then on dated a long friendship.

Despite the fact that Cahan is editor of the strongest Yiddish daily in the world, he is pessimistic about Yiddish journalism. He says that Yiddish is a Ghetto language and has no future in America. "American children do not speak Yiddish," he insists. The final extinction may take time, he admits. "The Jewish press," he says, "may last for my life-time, but I do not give it more than 50 years." Already, with decreasing immigration the *Forward* has experienced a decline. Cahan had hoped to keep abreast of the time, and introduce English pages, with the purpose of holding the reader as he became Americanized and began to speak and read English. He hoped eventually in this fashion, by the introduction of more and more English pages, to get a grip on the new American Jew as the old immigrant one disappeared. But Cahan has become convinced that the task is a most difficult one. The *Jewish Forward* publishes, under the editorship of Nathaniel Zalowitz, a Sunday English section, which contains articles by such men as Bertrand Russell, John Macy, Van Loon, H. L. Mencken, and a host of other such outstanding literary men, as well as articles by staff contributors.

Although pessimistic about Yiddish journalism, he is not about the future of the Jew in America. He believes that as a race it will maintain its identity and will be conscious of its oneness, notwithstanding the fact that there may be modifications of customs and ways of living. Anti-Semitism is only a temporary thing, and will not be tolerated in American life, he said. Asked to account for the recent spread of anti-Jewish feeling in America, he said: "The Jews until very recently have not been in America in sufficient numbers to make the country conscious of them. Many towns never saw a Jew. But now, with their increase, a certain amount of opposition has arisen, but this, I believe, is a temporary thing, because American traditions will not tolerate such prejudices."

The change in attitude toward Judaism is evidenced by the average



young American boy. "Before," said Cahan, "he would try to hide his Jewishness. He would say: 'I am not a Jew; I am an American.' Now he is glad to read Jewish books, attend lectures in Jewish history and take courses in Jewish learning. The element that tried to assimilate has discovered that it takes two to make a bargain. He may call himself a Gentile, but the Gentile laughs behind his back and calls him a 'dirty Jew.' Furthermore, the Jew has discovered that the Gentile respects him more when he admits he is a Jew and acts as one."

In this connection he told of his own experience, when he worked as a reporter for the *Commercial Advertiser*. He had already published *Yekl*, which had received considerable notice, and was contributing to quite a number of prominent periodicals. Of course he was much older and more mature than the other reporters on the staff, but that did not prevent them from wanting to discuss with him Russian literature, in which frequent discussions they took huge delight. Cahan, in the course of one of the discussions, made the remark—"We Russian Jews . . .," continued and forgot about it. Several days later, Lincoln Stephens, liberal editor, went up to him and said: "I want to let you know that we were impressed with and liked the way you said, 'We Russian Jews.' Several of the others also spoke about it to me."

Cahan wants to correct the impression that he has ever been opposed to Zionism. He has always felt, he said, that it was sentimental and impractical. Several trips to Palestine, however, have won over his heart. "The Chalutzim," he said, "are my kind of people. I understand them and love them. There are some things you approach with the head. This, I approach with the heart. I would like to see Palestine a flourishing and successful Jewish homeland."

As I indicated, you cannot put a period after Abe Cahan. He is very much alive, and bubbling over with plans.

"I have still much to do," he says. "I still have my two passions, literature and Socialism. Now I am working on a novel. What is it about? What every novel should be about—a human situation. I am sick of this talk about background. The fact that a novel is set in Iowa or elsewhere is trivial. It is the human values, the human relationships that make for literature. I hope to finish it by January. My literary ambitions have suf-

fered because of my Socialism. My paper has taken the best years of my life. I started to write novels and short stories, but I only wrote two novels, one *Yekl* and the other *The Rise of David Levinsky*. I would like to do more writing, but the *Forward* . . ."

Again discussing the importance of the human element, he said: "You know, the flight of Lindbergh does not interest me half so much as his romance with his wife, their life together, their love, the period of their life while awaiting the birth of their child. It is such human relationships that make novels."

A flood of congratulatory messages came to him on his 70th anniversary from Philip Snowden, British Chancellor of the Exchequer; Henry L. Mencken, long an intimate friend; Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of the *Nation*; Adolph S. Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times*; Eduard Bernstein, noted German Socialist leader and member of the Reichstag; John Macy, literary critic; Sherwood Anderson, author; William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and many others.

And now that 70 years have been lived, packed as they were with brilliant achievements, rich as they were with hearing and seeing and doing, Abe Cahan is still very much philosophical about it, saying:

"Things happened, just happened. We do not write our own biographies. We are not our own masters. I was always interested in Socialism. I always thought things were hopelessly bad. I still think a system intolerable which allows 5,000,000 men to go unemployed. But I realize that things happen, and changes cannot be made overnight."

## We See in the Papers

(Continued from Page 20)

NOTHING succeeds like success, it is claimed, and the *Catholic Telegraph* of Cincinnati rejoices in the fact, A recent issue of that paper carried the following editorial:

"We glean from the daily papers that from the new edition of Roget's International Thesaurus all words reflecting insultingly upon Jews will be eliminated.

"This action was taken by the publishers, after a strong protest had been made by the B'nai B'rith against the injustice of publishing such terms as 'cunning,' 'usurer,' 'extortioner' and

'heretic' as being synonymous or particularly applicable to Jews.

"We congratulate our Jewish fellow-citizens upon their sense of personal, racial, and religious dignity; upon their courage and perseverance; upon their united action, and upon the success of that action. We offer special congratulations to our fellow-Cincinnatians, Alfred M. Cohen, Dr. I. M. Rubinow, Dr. David Philipson and Leonard H. Freiberg, who are members of the Anti-Defamation Commission, composed from the roster of B'nai B'rith.

"Why should not our Catholic people follow the splendid example of our Jewish brethren? The Thesaurus, under the sub-head, 'Heterodoxy,' lists 'papism,' 'papist,' 'monkery,' 'Scarlet Lady.' Under 'Deceiver' we note 'Jesuit'; under 'Falsehood' and 'Sophistry' we see 'Jesuitical.' There are many other terms just as opprobrious, but these are sufficient for our purpose.

"Shouldn't the Knights of Columbus try, at least, to duplicate the admirable, courageous and successful achievement of B'nai B'rith? When are we going to have considerate united Catholic action in this country?"

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# Jews Help Celebrate Belgian Freedom

By D. LEHRER



ELGIUM has reached its hundredth anniversary. In the year 1830, this small province separated itself from Holland, and became an independent state. This event is now being celebrated with pomp all over the country. There have already been organized two world-wide exhibitions which include over 50 foreign countries as contributors. Thus, almost the whole world takes part in the celebration of Belgian independence.

Due to this solemn occasion many a forgotten incident in the history of this small country has been recalled. Indeed, its past is rich and interesting, for all the greatest events in modern history have been, more than once, covered with dead human bodies—a sacrifice to the god of war and hatred. He has been especially bloodthirsty in connection with Jews, bringing about massacres.

One can see how small this country is from the fact that its area is equal to only one-quarter of New York State. Eight million people are jammed into this tiny piece of land. Furthermore, they belong to two distinct races. This is the most thickly populated country in the world.

In 1830, when Belgium became an independent country, its population consisted of four million people, but in spite of its limited space and overpopulated towns and cities, this small state has been a constant attraction for those in search of a secure and peaceful refuge.

How old is the Jewish community in Belgium? There are historians who attempt to prove that a number of Jews came here as early as the second century. They were soldiers participating in the conquest of the Roman Empire. The fourth century already witnessed persecution of the Jews. In the city of Tournai there are still remnants of a synagogue of that period. The Jews of Tournai were mostly traders. They were tolerated there for several years only, for they were accused of bringing about a horrible epidemic that happened to break out at that time.

There were Jewish communities in Belgium during the Middle Ages, when the rulers of various cities granted them the privilege of settling. Thus, they founded new branches of indus-

try which have prospered since. One of the branches is the diamond industry on which thrives the great city of Antwerp. This industry was founded in the 13th century by Portuguese Jews. Similarly, other branches in the industrial life of the country have arisen.

However, the subject of the Jews in Belgium until 1830 demands special attention. Belgium is now celebrating its political independence beginning with the year 1830, so that the main topic today is everything and anything that has taken place since that year—the birth of modern Belgium. Although the Jews are much older than that we shall here consider only Jewish Belgium since 1830.

When Belgium separated from Holland there remained a few Dutch Jews and some Eastern Jews in its territory. They were concentrated in the two large trade centers, Brussels and Antwerp. Their number did not exceed 1500. The New Belgium has not only inherited the liberal traditions of Holland, but has far outstripped them in its constitution. The Jews have received as kind treatment as any other group of citizens. Naturally, this has led to the development of genuine patriotism among the Belgian Jews. In 1860, there were only 4,500 Jews in Belgium. However, following the ill-famed persecution of Russian

Jewry, after 1880, the Jewish communities in Belgium began to swell in number. Many Russian Jews came to Antwerp enroute to America. But not all of them could do so. Many had to wait for a long time, or remain there forever. That was the beginning of the first large Jewish community in Belgium. One can judge the great growth of Belgian Jews from the fact that between 1880 and 1900 they grew from 4,500 to 22,000. The majority settled in Antwerp, where it increases prosperity by enriching the diamond trade. They have participated in developing industry by building up new industries, not only in Antwerp, but all over the country. The families of Montefiore and Philipson, associated with the heavy industry and finance of Belgium, contributed to the general growth of their land.

However, the Jews have helped Belgium not only in industry and commerce, but also in the political life of the country; for they have attempted to add to the international prestige of Belgium, and to solve wisely its domestic problems. Jews participated in the Revolution of 1830. Several immigrants, staying in Belgium enroute to America, paid with their lives for its freedom. Their names are being revered with all others who fell in 1830.

The capital, Brussels, even had a



*The last landmark of anti-Semitism in Belgium—an old house covering the site of Inquisition persecutions in Antwerp. It is being razed.*



Jew for its Mayor—Moses Anspach, a son of a rabbi. His services to the new country were so great that his memory has been perpetuated by later generations. There are statues of Anspach in various parts of Belgium, while Brussels has streets, squares, and edifices bearing his name.

The Jewish Community in Belgium is steadily growing through the influx of Jews from Eastern Europe. The Dutch and German Jews are decreasing in number and importance, making room for the Polish Jews. The wave of immigration became especially great after the World War.

Jews have increased from 50,000 in 1920 to 70,000 in 1930. This small country has given refuge to a vast number of Jews. There are many other immigrants in Belgium, but the Jews constitute the largest minority group, ever increasing in number and importance. There is already a new generation of Jews born in Belgium. They are Belgian citizens and participate in every phase of the life of their country.

It was only after 1880, following the mass emigration from Russia and Poland that the Jewish community began to organize. Now it has a celebration of its own—its 50th anniversary. This date is remembered today; 100 years of modern Belgium and 50 years of an enlarged Jewish Community.

Watching the noisy celebration of Belgian freedom, and the still noisier Jewish Community, one reminds himself of the well-known words of a Belgian Cardinal who lived in 1789. These words were uttered in the religious capital of Belgium, Malines, which lies between Brussels and Antwerp, the cities of great Jewish Communities. The Cardinal said to his pious listeners: "Jews are a menace to Christianity. Therefore, the Church will always be on its guard against Jews penetrating into our land. Moreover: we swear that no Jew will be found on Belgian soil."

The Cardinal's pious oath was not kept. Many a devoted Catholic now smiles goodnaturedly at the thought of these words. . . .

The anniversary year of 1930 will not tolerate any vestiges of medieval persecution and hate. Besides, the complicated modern life has left no room for ruins. They have been gradually disappearing, but some still are left. Two of them will be abolished now.

In the ancient city of Liege, there is an old street called "Dog Street."

Certain historians have proved that Jews inhabited this street in the year 1280; the street was given the despicable name of "Dog Street," for the Jews were treated worse than dogs. Now the disgraceful name has disappeared together with the street. On its site will be built a great university named after the great Jewish philanthropist, Montefiore.

Also, in Antwerp there has been a little dark street with an old house called "The Wandering Jew." On this site the Spaniards erected their stakes during the 16th century, and burned "unbelievers" and Jews. Many inhabitants of Antwerp were afraid to pass the street at night. It was dark and gloomy. Suspicious looking people appeared and disappeared in its darkness.

The street is located near the Jewish section and has always reminded one of the dreadful medieval ages; especially the old legend of the wandering Jew, where somebody kept a saloon in which none was allowed to sing or play. It was as dark and gloomy as in a cemetery.

The street and house will shortly disappear. Everyone in Antwerp is glad, especially the Jews. Its place will be occupied by a square called "A Century," in commemoration of 100 years of Belgian independence.

At the disappearance of the last ruins state officials pronounced loudly: "All the vestiges of religious and racial intolerance disappear now!"

The joy of the Belgian Jew at the celebration of his country's independence is genuine and boundless.

## JEWISH CALENDAR

5691

1930-1931

Rosh Hashonah.....	Tues., Sept. 23
	Weds., Sept. 24
Fast of Gedaliah.....	Thurs., Sept. 25
Yom Kippur .....	Thurs., Oct. 2
Succoth .....	Thurs., Oct. 7
	Weds., Oct. 8
Shemini Azereth .....	Tues., Oct. 14
Simchas Torah .....	Weds., Oct. 15
*Rosh Chodesh Chesvan.....	Thurs., Oct. 23
Rosh Chodesh Kislev.....	Fri., Nov. 21
1st Day Chanukkah.....	Mon., Dec. 15
*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth.....	Sun., Dec. 21
*Fast of Tebeth.....	Tues., Dec. 30
	1931
Rosh Chodesh Shevat.....	Mon., Jan. 19
Chamisha O'ser B'Shevat.....	Mon., Feb. 2
*Rosh Chodesh Adar.....	Weds., Feb. 18
Fast of Esther.....	Mon., Mar. 2
Purim .....	Tues., Mar. 3
Rosh Chodesh Nissan.....	Thurs., Mar. 19
1st Day of Pessach.....	Thurs., Apr. 2
8th Day of Pessach.....	Thurs., Apr. 9
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar.....	Sat., Apr. 18
Lag B'Omer .....	Tues., May 5
Rosh Chodesh Sivan.....	Sun., May 17
Shavuoth .....	Fri., May 22
	Sat., May 23

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.  
\*Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.

## "Shaving is an Easy Trick...with Barbasol"



\*JOE COOK, actor, musician, acrobat, screen star and comedian, says:

"Barbasol gives me a perfect performance every day. It's so clean and quick, with brush and rub and lather eliminated, that it makes the daily razor rehearsal a joy instead of a chore. And another thing: I find it leaves my face soft and smooth and refreshed. I want to recommend it heartily."

\*Barbasol testimonials are not paid for.

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No Brushing—No Lathering—No Rubbing



# Jewish Books for Jewish Children

By ELMER LEE



F the naming of weeks there is no end. We have had Thrift Week and Learn-to-Swim Week, and, if we are not mistaken, Eat-a-Daily-Onion Week. Now Jewish Book Week has come upon us, and we, as a humble writer of Jewish books, are properly grateful.

Of course, it is a little too soon for rejoicing. We do not believe that this year's crop of confirmants received many more books than usual, especially of the type that will increase their Jewish fervor. Nor do our friends, the Jewish publishers, pronounce a sensational increase in business. But that the Jewish public should be urged to buy—and read!—Jewish books we do not deny for a minute. A hasty travelogue through the homes of some of our best Jewish families, to say nothing of some of our leading Sabbath School libraries, will settle that point at once.

Do not misunderstand us! We are not dealing with exceptions. You know and we know of certain Jews who acquire every worth-while Jewish book with the zeal of their book-loving fathers, those Jews who often denied themselves bread that they might enjoy the honey of the Torah. We have delighted in certain Sabbath School libraries where the shelves were filled with the best of Jewish books, carefully chosen by the rabbi, or some other expert, and actually read and enjoyed by the children. But all of us know of countless Jewish homes of wealth and culture, where the only specimens of the literature of our people are a few scattered volumes surviving the days when the head of the family subscribed to the Jewish Publication Society. While, to give only one example, I had the doubtful pleasure several years ago of going over the library of the Sabbath School of one of our most up-to-date and prosperous Temples, I found the usual collection of prayer and hymn and text books, "The Vale of Cedars" (that excellent but somewhat outmoded story!), a copy of "Lucille," and an excellent "Guide Through Europe," undoubtedly donated by the rabbi after a vacation in other lands.

Of late years a sincere and strenuous effort has been made to acquaint

Jews, adult and juvenile, with the literature of their people. Unfortunately, many of the agitators have striven neither wisely nor well and by their insistence on the classic note have done their share in driving away converts. We have seen lists, prepared by experts who ought to know better, featuring Jewish classics which, although of undoubted value, would by their very nature repel any but the most scholarly readers. The tired business man who finds his relaxation in the Saturday Evening Post or the Cosmopolitan is urged to read a life of Rashi; the sweet girl confirmant, who dotes on Zane Grey, is referred to a History of the Jews which, although a standard in its time, is now prosy in its diction and entirely obsolete in its philosophy of history. The layman, seeking to follow the advice of the expert, is first bored, then repelled—and reads no more Jewish books.

An even more dangerous tendency is found in the so-called "popular book list," usually issued as a suggestion for fond relatives purchasing confirmation and graduation gifts. This advice is usually compiled by the often un-Jewish Jewish editor of our so-often un-Jewish Jewish weeklies; or he may even obtain it from a local bookseller, anxious to push certain works. We have on our desks certain of these lists, which are really hair-raising. We are the last to insist upon book censorship; but it does seem rather crass to insert in a list for young people certain best sellers, which are nothing less than raw, even if they do happen to be written by Jews or are of passing Jewish interest. A year book, issued by the confirmants of one of our congregations, explains that their list, while containing some books suitable only for mature minds, also features volumes from which the young may derive information and inspiration. No doubt the adult sponsor of this publication decided that high school boys and girls were quite capable of choosing from the miscellaneous items what was best suited for their needs. So along with Sholom Ash's fine romance, "Kiddush Ha-Shem," we find Ludwig Lewisohn's "The Island Within" and "Aaron Traum," the excellent Cohen novel,

rather strong for even adult minds. "The Burning Bush," Gaer's Talmudic tales which, well-written as they are, could not possibly hold the interest of any child over 12, appears shortly before the two volumes, "Hebrew Ethical Wills," a technical work which, despite the charm of Israel Abraham's style, would bore nine adults out of ten. How, I ask you, is the well-meaning purchaser of Jewish books to know what to choose?

Now it is with Jewish juveniles that we have our chief concern. The intelligent Jewish adult, if properly encouraged, may seek and find for himself the Jewish books which will stimulate him to further reading along similar lines. But the parent without specific Jewish training must be guided rightly in this most important task of selecting the literature which adds to his child's Jewish knowledge and increases his child's Jewish consciousness.

Whenever we have urged the importance of Jewish books for Jewish children, we have been met by the same doleful cry: "There aren't any; or there are so few and so unsuitable that we can't get our children to read them." We must agree that the supply of really worthwhile Jewish juvenile works is limited—and with good reason. So long as parents prefer to buy the never-ending adventures of Tom Swift for their son instead of Isaac's "Think and Thank", a little known and fascinating story of Moses Mendelssohn's boyhood, or the Little Colonel Series for their young daughter instead of "The Young Champion", publishers will have a right to say that the sale of Jewish juveniles does not justify their publication. Even rabbis and Sabbath School superintendents, who ought to know better, have been known when giving school prizes to select works of a non-Jewish nature; while some of them, when they purchase books for their Sabbath School libraries, seem to be woefully ignorant of the few worthwhile Jewish juveniles appearing from time to time.

The remedy might seem to lie in the hands of the book reviewers in our many Jewish periodicals. Here we strike another snag. In the first place, many of our Jewish journals, ostensibly in the field for the glory of Judaism, seem curiously loath to feature Jewish books, especially Jewish juven-



iles. We have in mind the Children's Page of one of our leading Jewish weeklies, where the editor notes from time to time such works of undoubted merit as "How to Know the Wild Flowers" and "Dorick Among the Indians", but seldom if ever mentions a newly published Jewish juvenile. Another Jewish paper has been known to devote a column to a novel of passing importance and no Jewish interest whatsoever, while a most flattering review of a Jewish juvenile received exactly six lines. While a third book reviewer in a Jewish juvenile periodical (devoted to Zionist propaganda among the young!) found space to review the masterpiece of Eddie Cantor, and completely ignored a new history for Jewish children in which the latest developments in Palestine were fully and sympathetically featured.

When these Jewish book-reviewers find time and space for Jewish juveniles it is usually with a note of contempt. "Only a book for children", is the sneer, and they damn with faint praise, protesting meanwhile that we need a larger group of Jewish adult readers. Why a child should not be trained to read certain types of books never enters their heads. They ignore the bending of the twig and then are surprised at the direction in which the full-grown tree inclines.

Most astonishing of all is the lofty attitude taken by a few of these literary critics when they condescend toward the material now being brought out for young Jewish readers. A few years ago some of us welcomed an excellent volume, "The Heaven on the Sea" by Shulamith Ish Kishor. Charming written, her material was largely based upon the Talmudic fairy tales scarcely known to most of our American Jewish children. Did the reviewer in one of our most influential Jewish papers dwell on the value of acquainting our youngsters with this almost unexplored treasury of our own people? Did he compliment her for trying to make Solomon, not a dry figure in a Sabbath School lesson, but a lively competitor of Alladin and Sinbad the Sailor? He did not. His one big point was that it was a pity no modern writers of fairy tales had captured the method of Hans Christian Anderson. Forgetting, no doubt, that there has only been one Anderson among all the writers of fairy tales, and ignoring completely that wise Rabbinic maxim: "Do not spit into the well from which thou has taken a drink!"

With a poor market for our works and little or no encouragement from Jewish press and Jewish pulpit, is it

any wonder that the few of us who enjoy writing for Jewish children feel that the game is hardly worth the candle? The writer of this protest has no ax to grind. He has received ample financial rewards from his Jewish publishers. There is some satisfaction, too, in meeting a college boy who says: "I always wanted to know you . . . I first got interested in Jewish history through reading your kid stories." Or having a Sabbath School teacher declare: "We wouldn't know what to recite on Chanukah or Purim if it weren't for your verses."

But the vineyard is large and the workers are few. We know of at least a half dozen writers with ready pens and a good Jewish background, who have definitely turned their backs upon this most discouraging yet necessary form of literary labor, writing for our Jewish children. Sabbath School teachers clamor for Jewish plays; yet they forget to pay royalties and usually grudge the author the courtesy of publishing his name on the program. Jewish leaders agitate for Jewish Book

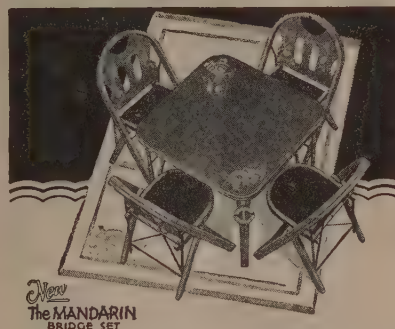
Week, yet they find it too irksome to examine and recommend the latest Jewish juveniles. Jewish book-reviewers ignore or patronize books written for Jewish children. And Jewish writers complete the vicious circle by devoting their talents to labors which will bring them better returns, both financially and in public recognition.

Recently a man who has labored long and lovingly in the field of Jewish scholarship, was delighted when his little granddaughter quoted a line from Nachmanides she had found in Leviner's "Great Jews." Our own young daughter, who has received no formal instruction in Jewish history, after reading the same work, somewhat embarrassed a mature visitor by asking: "Do you think Maimonides or Jehuda Halevi did more for the Jewish people?" We know from our own experience that not all the fascinating essays the learned Dr. Schechter wrote on the Jewish scholar and saint ever impressed us half so much as that simple little poem Jessie Sampter wrote in "Around the Year" about the Jewish child who came to his rabbi for his first lesson. Yet when we mention the Sampter verses to Jewish educators they stare blandly; and Miss Sampter has almost ceased writing for Jewish children.

This is no attack on Jewish Book Week; nor on the compilers of lists of books for Jewish readers. It is a step, a big step in the right direction when we realize that a robust Judaism must be built upon knowledge and not upon the knowledge of the Sabbath School class and the lecture forum alone. Our Christian friends know this and a glance over the catalogues of their various denominational publishing houses should give us food for thought. If the Christian child in a Christian civilization needs the information and the stimulation of such books, what should we do for the Jewish children, who, as Schmarya Levin so aptly puts it, often find themselves like Jacob in the world of Esau?

We see only one remedy: let us not only speak vaguely of the need of Jewish books for Jewish children, but let us buy them and encourage our children to read them. Let us give every Jewish juvenile a respectful hearing. It may be only "another child's book" to us. But on the breath of school children, say the rabbis, rests the Torah, and what these children read now may have a most definite influence upon the future of Judaism.

Wouldn't it be possible to celebrate Jewish Book Week 52 times a year?



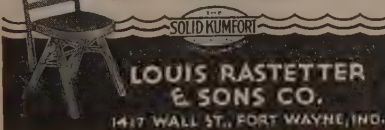
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# Afternoon and Evening in Jerusalem

By E. DAVID GOITEIN

**I**N previous articles I have shown you just what early morning in Palestine is like and how we spend the early part of the day in a Jerusalem office. In this article I am going to take you through the rest of the day. It is a matter of taste whether you prefer morning, afternoon, evening or night. But one thing is perfectly clear—you will have your preference.

The simplest way to deal with the afternoon is to say that everyone goes to sleep. Remember this, that all employees in Government offices and public institutions during the summer months start work at seven in the morning and quit at two. After that they may be presumed either to play bridge or go to sleep. All this is perfectly true and yet all this is a parody of what actually happens. In the first place, all stores remain open throughout the afternoon and it is quite possible instead of going to sleep to visit your favorite tobacconist and instead of buying cigarettes start up a discussion on some political problem. It may be a question as to whether the Mufti was responsible for the last riots or whether he will be responsible for the next. He may look wise and assure you that the High Commissioner is going to resign or that Mrs. So and So gave a big dance and did not invite any Jews.

As an alternative, you may wander into Divan, a new shop opened for the sale of books and pictures. I said sale but that was just an amusing lapsus linguae. He scarcely hopes to sell his books. What happens is this. You take a book off the shelf, ask the price, and start reading it. Or else you may look through the latest prints which were sent over from Germany. Suppose for a moment that a print costs 30 piastres. The owner will be horrified if you pay down 30 piastres. What you do is to pay down five piastres and the rest at the end of the month or at the end of next month.

When you have awakened from your afternoon sleep or when you have left the sleepy store which serves as a sort of political club, you may do one of many things. Let me suppose you are an Englishman with a wife. Then you would have to undergo the torture of afternoon tea. The French have invented the phrase "five o'clock anglais";

in Palestine le five o'clock Anglais has become a sort of fetish. Here you meet the same sort of people over and over again and talk the same sort of nonsense in a slightly different sort of way. Allah is to be praised that this does not represent the real Palestine.

A more entertaining way of passing the hour from 4:30 to 5:30 is to visit the Vienna Cafe. This is Jerusalem's social club. You may meet anyone here from the Chief Secretary down to the smallest journalist. It is a happy hunting ground for journalists and here you may pick up scraps of the latest news just invented over a glass of Munich beer. You will meet your favorite American dentist who does not pull out teeth because he is too wealthy for the purpose. You will also see the busiest doctor and the most popular artist, who come here to talk rather than eat or drink. . . .

It is possible to have a meeting in the afternoon and if you are fond of making speeches you are perfectly certain to find some committee meeting at which it is absolutely essential that you should be present. If you are a woman the likelihood of your not having a committee meeting is infinitesimal. Every woman in Jerusalem appears to be on a committee and every woman seems to have a different society in which she is interested. It matters little whether you are supplying cold meat to warm babies or warm milk to cold babies. It is even possible for you to belong to a society to prevent cruelty to camels or to propagate the raising the age of consent for Yemenite girls. No city in the world, I imagine, can have so many charity institutions as Jerusalem and no institutions elsewhere can have such active committees as we have.

Far more entertaining than the afternoon is the night. Please do not conjure up lurid pictures of Jerusalem's night life. If you have been brought up on the movies I am very much afraid I shall have to disappoint you. I shall not be able to feed your hungry appetite on wild cabaret scenes in which ill-clothed ladies dance until the early hours of morning to the accompaniment of the popping of whiskey bottle corks and to the cacophonous roar of negro jazz. I regret to have to tell you straight way that we are shockingly moral in Jerusalem and Mrs. Grundy

herself would find next to nothing which she might conveniently criticize.

The most popular evening entertainment for Jerusalemites, not much practiced since the riots, is to walk around the walls of Jerusalem in groups of ten or twelve. You must remember that we have the most amazing moons in Palestine. People with imaginations say that you could read the newspapers by moonlight. It so happens that none of our newspapers contain more than four pages so that everyone has finished reading them long before the moon comes out. But that is just oriental hyperbole. On these walks you sing at the top of your voice such an unpatriotic ditty as

"Thou are the land of Israel,  
Thou are the heart of the world,  
In spite of all failings,  
In spite of shortcomings,  
Thou art the land of Israel."

Sometimes the song is a little more spicy and it may tell how by the threshing floor he met her, by the threshing floor he kissed her, by the threshing floor he met her, by the threshing floor he kissed her. Another more pleasing walk is to the pools of Siloam. Here the most ancient inscription of Palestine is to be found, but that is only incidental. You pass by a number of cactus hedges and there is always a chance that you may suddenly be met by an Arab with dagger drawn who desires a taste of your blood or your money. The danger is not so real but people who walk that way like to imagine that it is. It gives a spice of adventure to what otherwise might prove quite a normal outing. But I cannot stop to tell you here of all the glorious walks you may have beneath the moon.

If this be the most popular way of spending the evening it is by no means the only way. We have some delightful cinemas, delightful because they are not closed in but are open to all the winds that blow. I have always found it difficult to look at movie stars for long but it must be confessed that in Palestine where you could look at the myriads of stars in the sky it is not so difficult to sit for two hours in the cinema as it is in London.

You must understand that our captions are written in three languages at least. For oriental consumption the film companies supply us with French



but at the side of the film come Hebrew and English. The English is quite enough to make even a Palestine cat laugh. It is fortunately improving. But it is still of a somewhat chronically funny nature. Recently I read at my favorite open air cinema, "She opens in pieces her heart and he throws a flood of tears in it." But that is not all. Every person who goes to the cinema thinks it his duty to recite aloud in one of the three languages exactly what is written on the screen.

I have said cinema, but you must know that in these days we have Talkies. We know all about Sonny Boy here. We know all about the rainbow round his shoulder and we also know how the angels waited for Sonny Boy while his father was singing in the cabaret. We are all learning to speak American, if you want to know. The society for preventing the disappearance of the Hebrew language argues that Hebrew is better than American . . . But that will take me into international politics. Enough.

We have no theater in Palestine. What we have are two travelling companies. One is called the Tent and one is called the Broom. We have, of course, Habimah, but that goes touring through Europe and America, so since I have been here I have not seen any performance of theirs. There is no room for me to deal with The Ohel (The Tent). But the Matate. . . Ah! The Matate! perhaps you have awakened to the idea that the Broom and the Matate are one and the same thing, although I am well aware that Hebrew is almost a lost art in America.

The Matate is an amusing show in Hebrew which pulls the legs of government officials, of Dr. Magnes, of the newspapers, of the Mufti, of everyone whose leg is pullable. They produce short scenes and each one is supposed either to symbolize some aspect of Jewish life in Palestine in satirical fashion or else it may possibly be a small sentimental scene to encourage tears. The Matate is always full. Its jokes are repeated from mouth to mouth so that you are bound to hear them at least six times a week from different friends.

Americans play bridge or pinochle at night. So do the English, but not so obviously. They do not play for high stakes so that gambling in the true sense of the word is almost, if not quite, unknown here. The gambling disease which is apparently com-

mon among Jews in certain other countries is unknown to the Palestine Jew. It is absolutely true to say that were there no Americans and no English there would be no cards among the Jews in Palestine.

I have told you of the many things we do at nights but I have yet to reveal the two most important things. One is going to bed, of which more anon, and the other has no name but it shall be described to you. You are not actually invited to the house of X but you know that Y and Z are going, so you drop in too. There you are bound to meet all your friends and some of your enemies. If X be a learned sort of person than you will start up some academic discussion which may go on until the early hours of morning. You must never forget, or you will never get a true picture of Palestine life, that we are all fond of conversation. There is no real word

for it in English but it is what the French call *'causerie'*. It matters very little what the discussion is about provided it is a discussion. It may be philosophical, it may be religious, it may be legal but everyone will get excited and everyone will have his say until countless coffees are consumed and holocausts of biscuits have been sacrificed.

If Mr. X be not so highbrow, then there is every possibility that he will put on his gramophone. You may be able to listen to Beethoven or to jazz, to Bloch or to Rimsky-Korsakov. If it be jazz, people will necessarily dance but it may be truthfully said that in the East we prefer the wild horra or the maddening "fantasiya."

I mention going to bed. That is the sole occupation of the Arab at night. A few Arabs, fat and contented, sit in the cafes and smoke their narghiles. A few in these days go to the Talkies. But the majority go to bed as soon as it is dark. If you forget a town for a moment and think of the Arab village, where the mass of the populace lives, you will realize that people must go to sleep, for there is nothing else to go to.

Coming to Jews, you must know that there is a regular ritual before they could go to bed. In Jerusalem during the summer months we are blessed with those interesting insects called mosquitoes. It would be possible to rid the country of mosquitoes and the malaria that goes with them if the Jews were given a free hand. But certain Arabs will not sell their swampy areas to Jews and will not even allow a Jew to go on their land and drain it for them in order to get rid of the mosquitoes. The Government says it is powerless and so we are where we were. The political name of this idiocy is the perpetuation of the status quo. Be all that as it may, the mosquito lives in Palestine and since it cannot be expected to starve, it spends the night time in finding its food among Jews and Arabs indiscriminately. If, therefore, you do not desire to act as a royal feast for the mosquito you must close all doors and windows and—flit. This is a popular preparation which is supposed to relieve the world of its mosquitoes. Experience shows that it does nothing of the kind. Yet no Jerusalemite would think of going to bed without first performing the necessary ritual of flitting. The odor that this preparation leaves behind it is not to be described.

And so to bed.

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# The Jewish Heart

By A COUNTRY RABBI



HERE was a time when I used to speak on the subject of the Jewish heart, in diverse tones, rather frequently. This subject, to use a commercial term, is a homiletical staple, as it readily lends itself to the treatment of a sentimental sermon in and out of season. The layman who thinks that sermons are shaken, with the skill of a prestidigitator, out of shirt sleeves, does not realize the difficulty a rabbi experiences in finding suitable Jewish subjects to speak on. Addressing the same audience week after week through a succession of years, I am hard put to it in hitting upon a topic that would be Jewish and at the same time novel and interesting enough to hold the attention of an average congregation. Of course there are preachers who speak on any subject under the sun; however, I have always stuck to my Jewish spiritual ideal, and have not converted the pulpit into a secular lecture platform. Hence, whenever I was hard-pressed for a subject, I resorted to hauling forth the Jewish heart from the limbo of homiletics. No matter how much I used or abused it, this subject, like a tuneful song, never seemed to grow old or stale. In fact, its magic was so potent that often when I noticed my congregation grew listless or drowsy during my sermons, by some adroit turn of speech I ejaculated the phrase, "the Jewish heart," and presto, droopy heads jerked back to levels of normalcy and the vacuous stare of sleepy eyes lit up with attentive intelligence.

One Sabbath Eve on which I had delivered a sentimental sermon on the Jewish heart, as we were walking home from the synagogue under the brilliant pageantry of a starlit southern sky, my wife remarked in a good-natured tone: "You rabbis surely work the Jewish heart over-time. Use greater caution, for it is a weak heart and it might fail on you."

Her big black eyes are all that is dreamy about my wife. Her mind is inexorably critical. With the keen point of her logic she has pricked and punctured many of my pet conceits and theories. But her satirical thrust at the Jewish heart came as a complete surprise to me. Never for a moment did I doubt the soundness of that vital organ. In my pulpit utterances I had often quoted the phrase

from Israel's Love Lyrics, "I sleep but my heart waketh," and declared with my deepest conviction that, though Israel might be ever so ill, its sound and stout heart would conquer the most debilitating disease. It was upon this deep-rooted belief that I builded my hopes for Israel's future, and therefore my wife's reflections on the Jewish heart startled and disconcerted me, and struck me as flippant and injudicious. Nevertheless, I answered her with a detached calmness: "Surely you will admit that we are a merciful people, and that proportionately we Jews give more charity than any other creed or race."

"I am not quite sure of that," retorted my wife with a ready tongue. "The Rockefellers are fully as generous as the Rothschilds. But do not identify the heart with charity. Were you to dole me out ever such a liberal allowance, would that be giving me your heart?"

"Eulogize the Jewish purse, if you please. Say that the small change, clinking in the Jewish pocket, is given as a pittance to the poor. But do not brag about the Jewish heart. The heart expresses itself not in pecuniary succor, but in personal service, and in that precious commodity, you know, we Jews are woefully deficient."

By this time we had reached our cottage, and after a lingering gaze at the splendor of the skies, we entered our home where we continued to discuss the Jewish heart into the wee hours of the morning. My wife was in her best argumentative mood, and with sparkling eyes, flushed face, fluent tongue, and above all, flawless logic, she defended her position.

"Our generation boasts," she continued, "of the finest places of worship that have ever been reared to the God of Israel. But do we build our synagogues with our hearts? If we would, they would not echo with emptiness."

"We are great music lovers and the genius of music has richly rewarded us for our love by endowing us with a double share of her spirit. Jews sing in the cabarets and vaudeville houses and on the concert platform and the operatic stage; but when it comes to our temples our musical talent is woefully absent. Even as the building, so also the service of the

synagogue: We put our money but not our hearts into it. We hire Gentile singers for our Temple choirs.

"We establish splendid Jewish hospitals in every large city throughout the country, but do we put our hearts into these humanitarian institutions? If our hearts were in them, we would dedicate our daughters to the noble profession of nursing and supply Jewish hospitals with Jewish nurses. As it is, a Jewish nurse is as rare as a Jewish choir singer.

"We maintain a string of orphanages in every section of the country. If the Jewish heart would properly function, instead of sending these helpless children into cold institutions, kept up with cold cash, we would take them into the warmth of our homes and our hearts, for there are enough Jewish childless homes to accommodate every Jewish homeless child.

"In matters of personal service," my wife continued in a tone weakened with exhaustion but deepened with earnestness, "the Gentiles are far superior to us. Judaism may not advocate ascetic life, yet I cannot help but admire the personal service which nuns and monks render the Catholic Church as nurses and teachers, and guardians of wayward children. I do not believe in foreign missions, yet I evince a profound respect for the personal service which thousands of missionaries render their church in giving up their lives for the propaganda of their faith among benighted peoples.

"The trouble with us," my wife finally said, "is that we, like parvenus, think we can buy everything with money. However, even as culture, so also salvation, cannot be bought with money. If Judaism is not to degenerate into a shallow cult of convenience, we shall have to regard it not as a purchasable commodity, but as an influence that moves the heart to give ourselves in unselfish personal service."

As a rule our discussions end in a draw, but in this instance the arguments my better half brought forth were so overwhelming that I meekly capitulated and resolved to remove the subject of "the Jewish heart" from my homiletical repertoire until a decided change for the better takes place in that heart.



1855 SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY 1930



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# THE PRINTED PAGE

## SCHOLARSHIP AND ELOQUENCE

**Jeremiah The Prophet**, by Raymond Calkins (Macmillan) \$2.50.

REVEREND CALKINS of the First Congregational Church of Cambridge, Mass., has written an excellent study of Jeremiah, in which he combines scientific biblical study, an analysis of the prophet and his message, and the eloquence of an experienced preacher. This combination produces as fine an appreciation of that giant among the prophets of Israel as the reviewer has ever read, together with sufficient scholarly background to make sure that the author's judgment is not mere fantasy.

The general background of the book is the critical apparatus built up by the last two generations of biblical scholars. In evaluating the opinions of the various experts, Mr. Calkins inclines toward the more conservative of them. That is, he admits that sections of the book of Jeremiah were written by other hands, but he makes these sections as few as possible. He admits that the reformation under Josiah in 621 B.C.E. was based on the Book of Deuteronomy, but he explains the abolition of the high places on the ground of their abuse, not on the more recent ideas of the political and economic function of a single shrine at Jerusalem.

As to Jeremiah's attitude toward Deuteronomy, he takes neither extreme, that the prophet was a supporter of the legal reform nor its opponent; he works out a reconciling view, that Jeremiah at first favored the innovations, but later felt that they were insufficient and promulgated his famous "new covenant." The great "temple sermon" is carefully and powerfully presented; it is unfortunate that the author does not consider the unusual view of this sermon and of the subsequent trial of Jeremiah which Professor Bultmann proposed in his "Prophets of Israel."

"Jeremiah The Prophet" is an interesting and valuable book, both for the scholar and the lay reader.

LEE J. LEVINGER.



## A JEWISH PATRIOT

**A Gentleman Rebel—The Exploits of Anthony Wayne**, by John Hyde Preston (The Book League Monthly, Vol. 3).

"A GENTLEMAN Rebel" is distinctly of the new school of biography. John Hyde Preston handles his hero, Mad Anthony, without gloves. He neither idealizes nor conceals; yet he has not the debunker's rage, and the hero of Stony Point assoldier, gentleman farmer, and lover is, all in all, a most delightful character.

Aside from its interest as a fast-

moving and brilliant study, "A Gentleman Rebel" merits the attention of all readers of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE for its graceful reference to a Jewish patriot long unhonored and unsung. We have read many accounts of the Revolution, but this is the first time we have seen any mention, even the slightest, of Haym Salomon, except in Jewish histories. We refer to the following passages:

"Just at the moment when America was most in need of money and everybody was trying to manage a foreign loan, that obscure and splendid Jew, Haym Salomon, came to the fore and handed out vast sums of gold to Congress and to individual officers without asking any interest and without much hope of ever getting a return on it. And he never did; the United States Treasury owes hundreds of thousands of dollars to his heirs this very day. Once a collection was attempted, but the papers were lost by a careless clerk of court, and the claim had to be discarded.

"Poor Salomon! He was a splendid person, but he has been ignored and forgotten. His interest in the war was perfectly selfless, but he was too modest, and he died too early. He was a skilled financier and did more than a whole battalion for America's cause. Some faithful historian ought to resurrect him from the dust of the dark shelf and paint him in his true light alongside of Robbert Morris."

ELMA EHRLICH LEVINGER.

\* \* \*

## AN INCONCLUSIVE NOVEL

**By the Waters of Manhattan**, by Charles Reznikoff (Boni Paper Books) 50c.

THE two parts of this book are almost separate entities. Part One, in a mood consonant with the situation, follows the fortunes of a Jewish family in old Russia, and of the daughter who goes to America and marries. This girl's son, Ezekiel, a dreamer and romanticist, is the central figure of Part Two, by far the more interesting and original section, in which nothing particular happens, however, except that he opens a book shop and has a casual love affair. The charm lies in the simple but forceful writing and the mental vagaries of Ezekiel.

E. E. G.

## A HISTORY OF THE JEWS

*By Abram Leon Sachar*

Here, for the first time, the dramatic story of the Jewish race is completely and adequately covered in a single volume. In the light of modern research, the author treats the chief movements and events from Old Testament times down to the present, including such interesting topics as the mysterious Cabala, the mediaeval ghetto, the House of Rothschild, the famous Dreyfus case, Zionism, and the rise of the Jews in America. Dr. Sachar, a well-known scholar and lecturer, has made this study not only authoritative, but eminently readable. \$5.00



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# NEWS OF THE LODGES

WITH a view to increasing the membership as well as to develop a method for enhancing their usefulness in Jewish and civic activities,



Richard Gutstadt

B'nai B'rith has created a National Bureau of Membership, the headquarters of which will be located in Cincinnati.

President Alfred M. Cohen has appointed as its Director Richard E. Gutstadt, who has been serving for several years as Secretary of District Grand Lodge No. 4.

The Bureau of Membership is a great progressive step in the direction of improved and enlarged activity for B'nai B'rith members throughout the country. It will make a scientific study of the entire membership for this purpose.

Brother Gutstadt's work in District No. 4 has helped make that District outstanding in the matter of membership and activity. He is also a member of the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee and a member of the National Finance Committee of B'nai B'rith. He will assume his new duties in Cincinnati about November 1. He is now serving his second year as campaign director of the National Jewish Welfare Fund in San Francisco, and is a trustee of Temple Sherith Israel there. In addition, he has devotedly served many other important Jewish and civic causes in his city and state.

\* \* \*

WITH one of the worst droughts in the history of this country at an end, and the invigorating air of autumn back again, B'nai B'rith lodges from Maine to California and from Canada to Texas are bestirring themselves to renewed activity with hopes for a great year ahead. By Rosh Hashonah most local lodges had already held their opening meetings of the season, although more than a few held regular meetings all through the summer.

Samuel Lodge No. 668, Vancouver, B. C., opened activities with a well-attended smoker at the B'nai B'rith Hall, where songs, instrumental items, recitations, a motion picture, and



three wrestling bouts constituted the program.

Brother Ben Liberman reported on the proceedings of the District Grand Lodge No. 4 convention at the first meeting of the year for B. F. Peixotto Lodge No. 421, Salt Lake City.

The opening meeting of Ramah Lodge No. 33, Chicago, was addressed by Brothers Archie H. Cohen and Philip P. Sachs, who reported on the District Grand Lodge No. 6 convention. Officers were installed.

As a beginning of the greater activity of District Grand Lodge No. 1, in a short while lodges will hold regular as well as other meetings and functions in the newly acquired B'nai B'rith building at 36 W. 69th St.

A week before Chananiah Lodge No. 165, New York City, opened its new season, members of the lodge and their families and friends paid an annual visit to the B'nai B'rith Home for the Aged at Yonkers. The Chananiah Auxiliary arranged a program of entertainment.

\* \* \*

MANY prominent speakers will be on the program October 26, when the B'nai B'rith Home for the Aged at Yonkers, N. Y., is formally dedicated. "The pride of District No. 1," as it is called, is an old institution newly housed in a magnificent structure only recently completed. The old building was torn down to make way for this one, which occupies the same site.

A large number of B'nai B'rith members from the Metropolitan district are expected at the ceremonies. Among the speakers will be Joseph Rosenzweig, chairman of the building committee; Joshua Kantrowitz, president of the board of governors of the Home; Hon. Albert Cohn, President of District No. 1; Louis Fabricant, member of the Executive Committee; Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the Free Synagogue, New York; Mrs. I. S. Sanger, of the Ladies' Auxiliary Society of the Home; and several others.

MRS. PEARL G. RUBENSTEIN, Portland, Ore., was named President of the B'nai B'rith Women's Grand Lodge of District No. 4 at the



Mrs. Rubenstein

convention of that organization at San Diego. Mrs. Birdie Stodel, retiring president, presided over the sessions.

Among the most important measures adopted during this convention was the appropriation of

\$10,000 for the establishment of a preventorium for children at Duarte, Cal.; another was the voting of \$500 to be used in scholarships for worthy students throughout the coast district which will be known as the "D. Soli Cohen Memorial Scholarship Fund," in memory of the late P. G. P., D. Soli Cohen of Portland, Ore. A sum of \$250 was voted to be given as a scholarship to the Hebrew University at Jerusalem.

The first official act of the newly elected president, Mrs. Rubenstein was to institute a new auxiliary at Boyle Heights, California. It was named the "Pearl Rubenstein Auxiliary." Mrs. Rubenstein made official visits to lodges in central and northern California, and was received everywhere most graciously.

\* \* \*

ABRAHAM J. LIVINSON, publicist and sociologist, a member of the publicity committee of Mount Royal Lodge No. 729 and a liaison representative of B'nai B'rith on the City Improvement League of Montreal, has recently achieved noteworthiness in that city by virtue of his successfully organizing a "Cities of the World Lecture Series" at McGill University and at the Ecole Technique de Montreal; and also "The Greater Montreal Civic Photo Show." These new ventures in comparative constructive civics, and in international harmony and goodwill, have been considerably praised by the French and English press and communal leaders. The first photographic exhibition drew visitors to the number of 10,000; while 4,500 were attracted to the French and English lecture series.



GRATITUDE to the Order was expressed recently by the University of Illinois for the annual subvention granted it for the purchase of books. The following item appeared in the *Champaign News-Gazette*, which listed all gifts for the year:

"From the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, the sum of \$50 for the purchase of books for the Library. This is a continuation of a gift which was originally offered to the University and accepted by the Board on June 7, 1912, the total contributions made by the Order from time to time amounting to \$1,540."

\* \* \*

THE Jewish Educational Committee of Denver (Colo.) Lodge No. 171 recently submitted a lengthy report containing the following recommendations:

1. That Denver Lodge recognize the necessity and duty of the Jewish community to establish, foster, and maintain sufficient and suitable Talmud Torahs and schools of Jewish education.

2. That the Lodge lend its moral support and aid toward the establishment of a communal maintenance fund or the support of such schools.

3. That the Lodge work to bring about co-operation among the various Talmud Torahs of the city.

\* \* \*

IN MORE than one address to B'nai B'rith gatherings, President Alfred L. Cohen has declared that one of the best activities in which local lodges can indulge is civic work and co-operation with city officials.

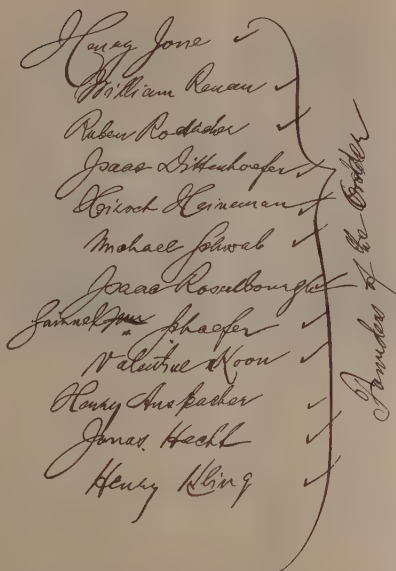
Mount Royal Lodge No. 729, Montreal, Can., enthusiastically agrees with the President, and one of its important functions is co-operation at all times with the city authorities in public work. For this purpose several of its members are representatives on the "City Improvement League."

\* \* \*

WILLIAM MEYER, one of the most active B'nai B'rith workers in Butte, Montana, has been signally honored by the Governor of his state. He has been appointed a member of the state board of education. He is a prominent attorney and orator.

\* \* \*

IN honor of his election to the second vice presidency of District No. 7, Louis Cohen, secretary of Fort Smith (Ark.) Lodge No. 306, was presented with a silver loving cup by members of his lodge. Tribute was also paid Brother Cohen for his civic work.



THE names pictured above are those of 12 founders of B'nai B'rith. They were written by one of the founders, a great-uncle of Miss Amy H. Lewis, President of the Henry Jones-Lebanon Auxiliary No. 57, New York City. Dr. Hyman Goldstein, Past President of Camden (N. J.) Lodge No. 915, spent the winter studying in Europe, and had the pleasure of meeting Miss Lewis on the boat. She sent him the original list of founders pictured above, and he was kind enough to send it to the Magazine.

\* \* \*

"THE Arabs—Who They Are and What They Stand For," was the title of an address delivered before Lincoln Lodge, Philadelphia, by Rabbi Mortimer Cohen. An illuminating discussion was stimulated among the members.

\* \* \*

THE members of Jehuda Halevi Lodge No. 710, New Britain, Conn., and their friends assembled last month for the public installation of Louis Marshall Chapter of A. Z. A. Grand Aleph Golod, Joseph Karesh and Chas. Shane were the installing officers.

\* \* \*

AN event thought to be unique in the history of rabbinic procedure was witnessed on the occasion of the welterweight championship fight of the Northwest, when Rabbi Jack Levy, the minister of the Canadian community in Victoria, B. C., and President of Victoria Lodge No. 758, B. B., was requested to broadcast the proceedings over the radio from the fighting ring. As this circumstance indicates, Rabbi Levy is popular in athletic circles.

IN 1929 a group was sponsored and organized by Miss Venette V. Brody, who was then president of Amos Lodge Auxiliary No. 25, Boston, Mass. This group is comprised of members of Amos Lodge and its auxiliary, and was named the B'nai B'rith Good Cheer Group. Its purpose, besides social work, was just what its name implies—to spread good cheer among the less fortunate at the institutions.

Dramatic, dancing, and athletic classes have been formed, as well as a glee club. The dramatic group has presented a play at a meeting of Amos Lodge, as well as before the Lowell Lodge. One meeting a month is held, and something interesting is planned for each. The group has entertained at several institutions. Last summer a get-together outing was held and another is planned this season.

The group has been an incentive to the younger folks to join either Amos Lodge or its auxiliary, since the only requirement for membership is membership in one of these B'nai B'rith bodies.

\* \* \*

SIoux Lodge No. 847, Sioux Falls, S. D., recently celebrated the golden wedding anniversary of Brother and Mrs. Max Margulies. Brother Margulies is a charter member of the lodge. A ball and supper were features of the happy affair. Outstanding among many gifts presented to the happy couple were a beautiful menorah from the B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Committee, and a ring from Sioux Lodge.

\* \* \*

MARQUETTE PRISON, in Lower Michigan, has only a few Jewish inmates, but their religious and personal needs are cared for by a devout Jew who for nearly a generation has played a leading part in local, state, and national Jewish affairs—Herman Gessner of Escanaba, a member of B'nai B'rith. In 1919 and 1921 he had charge of the Non-sectarian Jewish War Relief Drive in Upper Michigan. In 1922 he was a recognized representative at the British Embassy during the Washington Conference, and the following year he was a delegate to the American Jewish Congress Convention. He is an active member of the National Executive Board of the Z. O. A. and has had charge of Zionist work in Upper Michigan and Northern Wisconsin for the past 15 years. In addition, he works ceaselessly to keep the small and scattered Jewish communities of Michigan interested in Judaism.



THE first meeting of the newly-constituted B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation Commission, which was created by action of the Constitution Grand Lodge Convention of April, was held September 8 at B'nai B'rith headquarters in Cincinnati.

Those present were: Alfred M. Cohen, President of B'nai B'rith; Dr. I. M. Rubinow, Secretary of the Order; Edwin J. Schanfarber, representative of District No. 2; Judge Joseph L. Kun, of District No. 3; Edgar Levey, of District No. 4; Rabbi Edward L. Israel, of District No. 5; and Dr. Louis L. Mann, Dr. James G. Heller, and Dr. Solomon Goldman, who were appointed by the President.

President Cohen and Dr. Rubinow were unanimously elected chairman and secretary, respectively, of the Commission.

Changes in the directorship of three of the eight B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations were ratified by the Commission. Rabbi Samuel H. Baron, former Director of the West Virginia Foundation at Morgantown, W. Va., was selected to replace Rabbi Jacob Weinstein, who had resigned to accept a pulpit in San Francisco. The appointment of Rabbi Henry Kagan to replace Rabbi Baron at the West Virginia Foundation was likewise ratified.

The vacancy at the Michigan Foundation, caused by the resignation of Rabbi Adolph Fink, who accepted a pulpit in Spokane, was filled by the selection of Rabbi Bernard J. Heller, who for the past four years has been officiating as Rabbi at Scranton, Pa. He has had ten years of successful ministry and is the author of many books and papers treating Jewish subjects.

Reports from the other five Foundations revealed that all are in excellent condition, and performing meritorious work.

A motion was carried that a committee, consisting of Dr. Goldman, Fred Bernstein, and Dr. Mann, be empowered to expend \$700 for scholarships for students of all faiths attending the Universities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, Canada.

Expressions of grateful appreciation to Dr. Louis L. Mann were recorded for his devoted services as Acting National Director of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations, and he was requested to continue in that office pending the selection of a permanent National Director.

The question of obtaining speakers for Forums of the various Foundations was discussed at length. It was moved and carried that in order to



Rabbi Henry Kagan (left) and Rabbi Bernard Heller are new Directors of two Hillel Foundations.

make it possible to secure the best speakers, there shall henceforth be a committee of three, consisting of Rabbi Heller, chairman, the Chairman of the Commission, and Dr. A. L. Sachar, for the purpose of arranging schedules for Forum speakers of the various Foundations not too far distant from each other. The Directors will be requested to submit suggestions as to the speakers they desire.

\* \* \*

ON September 10 the newly-constituted B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Commission, created by action of the April Constitution Grand Lodge Con-

vention, held its first meeting, at B'nai B'rith headquarters in Cincinnati.

Those in attendance were President Alfred M. Cohen; Dr. I. M. Rubinow, Secretary of the Order; Louis J. Borinstein, representative of District No. 2; Richard E. Gutstadt, of District No. 4; William J. Goodhart, substitute for Henry A. Alexander of District No. 5; and Joseph Morse, of District No. 7.

It was moved and passed that the Commission place itself on record as favoring the inclusion of B'nai B'rith Wider Scope Campaigns in the general Welfare Fund Campaigns for non-local Jewish needs in such communities as operate such funds. This move was taken after being strongly recommended in the report of the National Director of the Wider Scope Campaign.

Louis J. Borinstein of Indianapolis was unanimously elected National Chairman of the Wider Scope Commission; Dr. I. M. Rubinow was unanimously elected National Director and Secretary of the Commission.

FOR what is believed to be the first time in this country, a Jew has been elected Department Commander of the American Legion for the State of Minnesota. He is Brother A. B. Kapplin, a past president of Covenant Lodge No. 569, Duluth, Minn.

## Among Our Contributors

FALK HARMEL, brother-in-law to the late A. L. Welsh, is a Captain in the Air Corps Reserve. Born in Latvia 46 years ago, he came to this country at the age of seven, and was educated in the public and high schools of Washington, D. C., where he later became affiliated with the local Zionist organization from 1905 to 1912, serving as financial secretary, president, and then as business manager of "The Zionist." During the war he enlisted in the signal corps of the aviation section, and was commissioned a second lieutenant after graduation from the training camp at San Antonio, Tex. Eventually he was promoted to a captaincy. Today he is editor of the Air Corps "News Letter," official semi-monthly publication.

LEO M. GLASSMAN, author and newspaperman, spent nearly a year in Soviet Russia for the Jewish Telegraphic Agency last year. At present he is publishing a book on his observations made in Russia.

MANUEL CHAPMAN, art critic and lecturer, has written many monographs of outstanding contemporary artists, several of which have appeared in the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. He visited Europe twice to make a personal study of Jewish art and artists, and both times included Palestine in his itinerary, for the same purpose. He spent several months with Enrico Glicenstein, making a personal study of the man and his work.

RABBI JACOB S. MINKIN is Rabbi of Temple Beth-El, Rochester, N. Y., and

author of a syndicated weekly feature article, "News of the Jewish World."

SHOLOM ASCH is one of the greatest living writers in Yiddish. DR. SAMUEL L. SLOVIN, who is the translator of Asch's "The Silent Garden" in this issue, is a member of Menorah Lodge No. 771, B'nai B'rith, Baltimore, and editor of the lodge's local publication, "The Menorah Light."

SAMUEL TENENBAUM, a prolific writer for the Jewish press, specializes in interviewing prominent personalities in the news.

D. LEHRER is a newspaperman living in Brussels, Belgium.

ELMER LEE has written some 18 books for Jewish juveniles, and is still engaged in that occupation.

E. DAVID GOITEIN, a former London barrister, is now editor of the "Palestine Bulletin," the only English daily newspaper in Palestine.

LOUIS MINSKY, educated in England, is a young writer living in New York, where he is the correspondent for the London Jewish Chronicle and the London Jewish World. In recent years he has been a close observer of the status of Jewish minorities, and has also made a careful and comprehensive study of anti-Semitism in every European country without exception, with special emphasis on the relation of anti-Semitism to the political system of the respective countries.



# LE MOMENT INCONSOLABLE

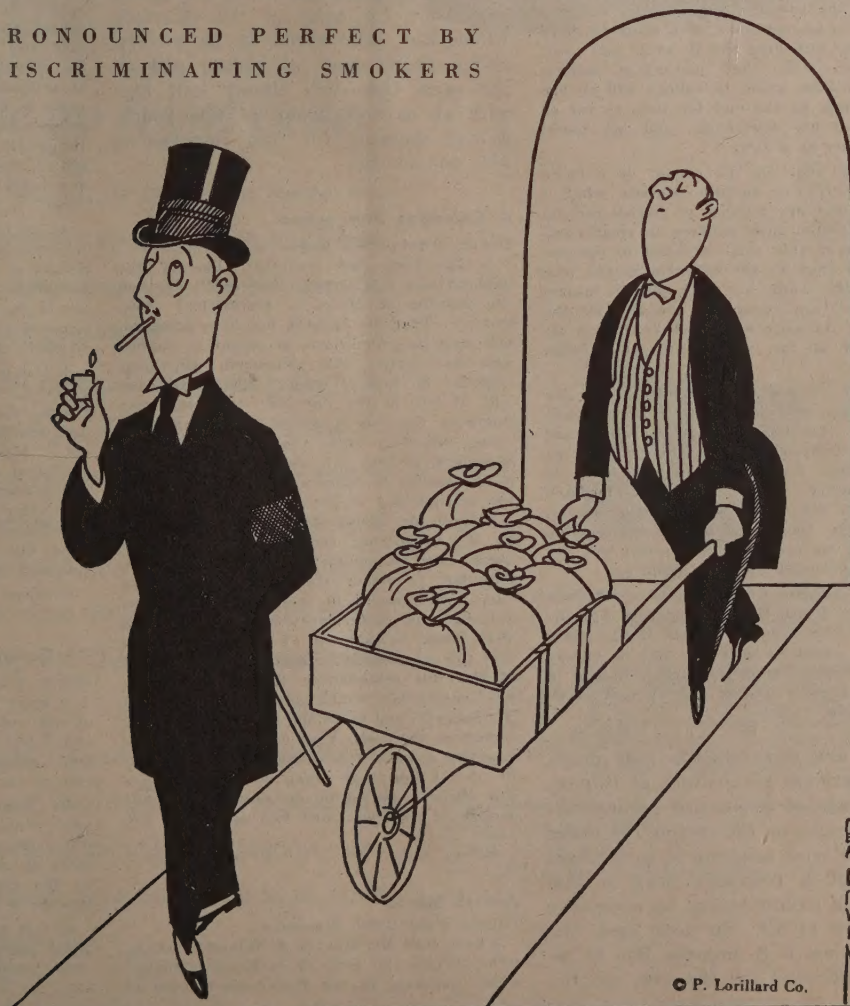
[THE INCONSOLABLE MOMENT]

When your rich Uncle Albert,  
of whom you have never heard, departs this  
“vie” (life) and leaves you “Un froid mil-  
lion” (a cool million) . . . assuage your grief.

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# Our Readers Have Their Say

(Note: Letters from our readers are not necessarily printed in full. Our aim is to convey the substance of the thought expressed in the communications. Moreover, for the sake of clarity, we take the liberty of editing letters which we publish. We invite inquiries on matters of a public nature and will be glad to answer them whenever possible.—Editor.)

## Seeks Jewish Influences

Editor, B'nai B'rith Magazine:

Our son Bob, who was born and reared in a small town, in consequence of which his social contacts have been confined to Gentile company, is entering the University of Illinois this year and we, his parents, are now being confronted with the influence of those friendships. The boy has already been approached by two of his older Gentile friends on the subject of their respective fraternities. While one may say the subject of fraternities should not be the major problem with a boy's going away to school, nevertheless to us it represents a real difficulty. The writer was born and reared in a small community, and my social contacts were entirely with non-Jewish people. As I look back, from the perspective of years, need I mention what a distinct handicap this is for Jew or Jewess?

Bob, having gone to school here all his life, and being of a pleasing personality, has entree to the so-called best homes, and has an extensive acquaintance, with many of these friends also attending the U. of I. this year. I fear very much that, instead of making Jewish contacts, going to college will be but the beginning of the end for Bob, so far as appreciating his Jewishness and his moral responsibility as a Jew.

One may question the matter of a boy's upbringing if the parents concede what I just have, but any number of Jewish parents who have reared their children in small communities have this same problem to contend with. Not that we are religious in the true sense of the word, but with all our hearts we want our son to come in contact with the broadening influence of Jewish culture at its best which, so far, we seem to have failed him in.

You will concede that attending holy day services once or twice a year is not enough as against the daily contact in school and outside of Gentile companionship. While we have a B'nai B'rith lodge and auxiliary in our community, in which both my husband and myself are active workers and officers, unfortunately those few in our membership with whom we associate in a social way are not yet confronted with our problem.

Bob has consented to take up some work at the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation, but the purpose of this letter is to ask if you could put us in touch with some one in charge of some Jewish fraternities, for if Bob is to make a fraternity all we ask is that it be a Jewish one.

Mrs. G.

There are more than a half dozen Jewish national fraternities at Illinois, and several of them are among the leading groups on the campus. In order to make a wise selection it is strongly urged that a freshman wait a few weeks or a month before he accepts a bid to any at all. In your case, the main problem is to impress Bob to remain unaffiliated for the first month;

after that, if he is asked by several Jewish fraternities to join one of them, he will be able to make an intelligent selection.

Probably the greatest influence in his campus life, however, so far as remaining true to his faith is concerned, will be the influence of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation, in which he has promised to take an interest. Hillel Foundations in eight universities in this country are annually faced with hundreds of similar cases, and in most instances inspire the students to such an extent that many who actually denied their Judaism entirely, as freshmen, are proud of their heritage on graduation. The Foundation will afford expression for most of the interests which Bob, who seems to be a very active young man, cherishes, and at the same time will closely knit him with an earnest group of fine young Jewish students for four impressionable years.—Ed.

\* \* \*

## A Calendar Suggestion

Editor, B'nai B'rith Magazine:

It has been said recently: "Destroy the Sabbath and you destroy the Jew!" Is then the position of Israel so precarious? Yes, and no. That the Sabbath has been attacked, and may be overthrown, is patent to anyone who has given the Cotsworth Universal Calendar an iota of study. The blank days will, if left in the Calendar, in every year following the one in which the calendar becomes effective, cause the Sabbath to move backward, so that only once in six years will it be possible to observe the real Sabbath at the seventh day of the week.

I wrote Mr. George Eastman, of Rochester, N. Y., submitting the suggestion that all blank days be completely dropped from the Calendar, providing that when seven days have been dropped in this manner from the Calendar, an intercalary week, called Leap Year Week, be inserted. I further stipulated that this suggestion be made an integral part of the Bill establishing the new Calendar. This suggestion would safeguard and protect the Sabbath, and make the Calendar as nearly correct as our Leap Year does at present, by inserting a week once every five or six years. In fact, I find that seven such Leap Years will cover a period of 40 years, being five periods of six years, and two periods of five years.

Omaha, Nebr.

E. D. H. Allon.

\* \* \*

## Jewish Music

Editor, B'nai B'rith Magazine:

I have read Mr. Haynes A. Gilbert's article, "They Create Our Only Great Hebrew Music," which appeared in the July-August issue of

the B'nai B'rith Magazine, with some degree of interest. I should like to express my objections to certain points brought out in that article.

There have been many such articles late which have dealt with developments so-called "Jewish music." In the ones which have been brought to my attention, nobody has made the slightest attempt to define Jewish music or to attempt to bring out any of its characteristics. Many authors have expressed such characteristics as "ecstasy," "impetuosity," "suffering," etc., as Mr. Gilbert has done. Are they really characteristics of an art? If somebody could discover traits in so-called Jewish art which render it absolutely distinguishable and apart from the music written by composers of that particular nationalistic "school," we might then be able to formulate theories which might in time lead to a school of Hebrew music. At present, so far as I know, there is no such school in existence. Nor can there be a school when the majority of workers in the field feel "self-sufficient, neither leaning on the present nor robbing from the past." Such an attitude forbids art of any kind. It would seem to me of greater importance to produce greater Jewish composers such as Schonberg, Hindemith, Ravel, Honegger, Bloch, and the others, than greater composers of the music the actual existence of which we have no proof.

In so far as I am aware none of the men who comprise the so-called "Jewish Russian School of Music" possesses enough talent or technique to create any fine music—that is art in its abstract sense. Beyond that, even none of them has shown evidence of a particularly dynamic personality or individuality.

I should like to correct the mistaken impression left by the sentence beginning "While the entire world was following meekly and imitating blindly Schonberg's atonality etc." Maybe Mr. Gilbert can inform me of the great date when the world began following Schonberg and also of the names of his vast army of imitators. Furthermore, anyone who knows that great modernist's works firsthand will chuckle over the idea of possibly following his intricacies blindly.

Jackson, Miss.

A. Lehman Engel.

\* \* \*

## "A Commendable Act"

Editor, B'nai B'rith Magazine:

A most commendable act was done by one of our outstanding Jewish men in this city and I feel sure if there were more like him our Gentile friends would have much more respect for their Jewish neighbors.

Mr. Isadore Dreyfus, who is a very prominent B'nai B'rith worker, had an oil well which was about to gush. He had a working force of non-Jewish men but he refused to let the actual work be started on Saturday because it was his Sabbath.

A few more acts of this kind would certainly make the Gentiles in every community "take notice" as it has in ours.

G. A. K.



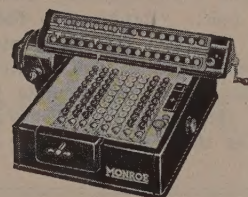


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# HUMORESQUE

## Strong Humor

**R**APHAEL, a New York merchant with a head on him, heard that the natives of a certain wild island in the South Seas had more gold than they knew what to do with, so he decided to help them out. He sailed to their island with a boatload of onions. The natives, who had never tasted onions, were delighted with them, and gave Raphael a shipload of gold for the tear-inducing bulbs.

Raphael's business rival was enraged when he heard of this stroke of genius, but decided that if the natives liked onions they would surely like garlic better. He therefore brought them a shipload of garlic, and true enough, they were delighted. When he asked for gold in return, they told him they wouldn't think of giving him anything so common, and insisted upon turning over to him their most prized possession—Raphael's shipload of onions!

\* \* \*

## A Wise Saying

**M**OSES MENDELSSOHN was once caught regaling himself on sweets in a manner more befitting a small boy than a philosopher. Someone said to him: "Rabbi, only fools are fond of sweets." The wise man smiled a cunning smile and replied: "My son, that is a saying made by the wise so that they may keep all the sweets for themselves."

\* \* \*

*NOW that nearly everybody is back from summer vacations and settled down to the joys and toil of autumn and approaching winter, we are expecting many more contributions to the Humoresque page than during the past few months. For what puts more life into indoor evenings than some good stories, well told, and tickling funny? When you hear a good one that is new, or think of one yourself, send it in. If it appears on this page you will be rewarded with a new book. Winners of books this month include H. Shachter, Belfast, Ireland; Samuel M. Suwol, Portland, Ore.; and Mrs. Boris Brutskus, Berlin, Germany.*

## Chutzpah

**F**OR two months young Avrum had been living as a guest with poor relatives. As the food supply became low the relatives were anxious that Avrum depart, and after much persuasion, he agreed. They arranged for him to take a train at dawn the next morning, and before the sun came up Avrum was awakened by the crowing of a rooster.

"Hurry, hurry," cried his relatives, "or you'll miss your train."

"Oh," yawned Avrum, "I see you still have a rooster—so I'll stay for two more days."

\* \* \*

## Technique

**T**HE home of Mr. and Mrs. Lifschitz was rifled late one night by a burglar. The latter was caught by the police the next day and lodged in jail. As soon as Lifschitz read the news in the paper he rushed down to the jail and breathlessly demanded that he be allowed to see the prisoner.

"Why do you want to see him?" asked the desk-sergeant.

"Well," answered Lifschitz, "if you must know—I want to find out how he managed to enter our house late at night without awakening my wife; I've been trying to do the same thing for six years."

\* \* \*

## Why Be Hasty?

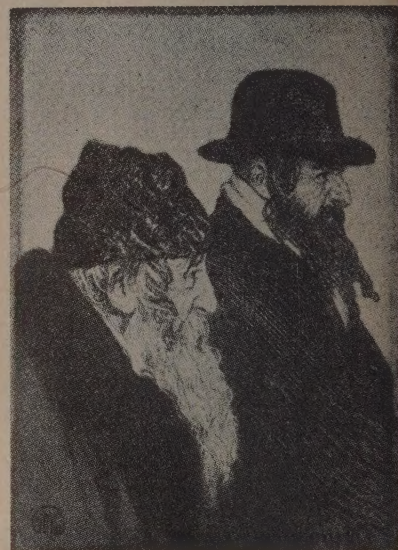
**I**T is recorded of a certain rabbi that, as he got well along in years, he acquired the habit of thinking aloud when reading from the Bible. He was once reading from the 116th Psalm when he came to the verse: "I said in my haste all men are liars." His mind began to work, and he went on quite unconsciously but also quite audibly: "Indeed, David, and had you been living in this community you might have said it at your leisure."

\* \* \*

## Priority Rights

**M**RS. NATHANSON: "You must attend to your dog, my friend. As soon as my daughter begins to sing, your dog begins to howl."

Mrs. Abelson: Yes, but your daughter always begins first."



## Satisfaction Guaranteed

**S**AM and Chaim were old chums, both having attended the same cheder as boys. Now both were married and fairly successful in business. Sam had no children, but Chaim's wife presented him with one daughter after another.

One morning they met and Chaim excitedly told Sam the joyful news that he had just become the father of his sixth daughter.

"Mazel tov!" cried Sam. Then, after a moment's thought, "Tell me, Chaim," he said, "what would you rather have, a million dollars or twelve daughters?"

"Twelve daughters," answered Chaim without any hesitation.

"What!" exclaimed Sam, amazed. "How do you arrive at such a conclusion?"

"Nu," answered Chaim, "you know how people are—if I had a million dollars, I'd want two million, then three million, ten million—never satisfied. But with twelve daughters—hm!—would I be satisfied? Forever!"